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HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK
What Communism Is Doing For Me

MONTHLY POWWOW:
Ban Big-Scale Atomic Bomb Tests?

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The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

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John Wesley (1703-1790)

November-December 1956 ***Vol. 1, No. 2***

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Lloyd R. Jones, who painted our cover, is famed for his hunting-fishing scenes. This watercolor depicts mallards zooming in for a night on an Illinois marsh.

"WE GIVE THANKS" . . . Few if any artists have interpreted life in America with more insight than Norman Rockwell, and this Thanksgiving picture has been a favorite ever since it first appeared as a Saturday Evening Post *cover. For a story about the famous artist, turn to page 30.*

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TOGETHER is an official organ of The Methodist Church, issued monthly by The Methodist Publishing House, 740 North Rush Street, Chicago 11, Ill. Opinions expressed do not necessarily reflect concurrence of The Methodist Church. Entered as second class mailing matter at Post Office in Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879; additional entry at Nashville, Tenn. Accepted for mailing at special rate in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 5, 1918.

Manuscripts and Correspondence for publication: Write to Editorial Offices, 740 North Rush Street, Chicago 11, Ill. Authors should send postage.

Subscription: $3.00 per year. Write to Business Department, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

Advertising: For rates write to TOGETHER Magazine Representatives, 454 Wrigley Building, Chicago 11, Ill.

Editor: Leland D. Case • *Managing Editor:* Charles W. Keysor • *Art Editor:* Floyd A. Johnson • *Associate Editors:* Shirley Motter Linde, H. B. Teeter, Grant J. Verhulst, Bruce L. Williams • *Editorial Assistants:* Else Bjornstad, Beverly Cederberg, Owen Meredith, Roberta Riggleman • *Contributing Editors:* Newman S. Cryer, Jr., T. Otto Nall, H. F. Rall, Roy L. Smith • *Manager* (Business, Circulation, Advertising): Warren P. Clark • *Publishing Agents:* Lovick Pierce, J. Edgar Washabaugh.

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"And crown thy good with brotherhood. ."

Favorite Poem-of-the-month.

America The Beautiful

By Katharine Lee Bates

O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain!
America! America! God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet, whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat across the wilderness!
America! America! God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control, thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for heroes proved in liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved, and mercy more than life!
America! America! May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness, and every gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream that sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam undimmed by human tears!
America! America! God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.

WHAT'S YOUR favorite poem? Let us know. We plan to present "favorite poem" each month. *America The Beautiful* was suggested by Ruth D. Fuller of Chicago, Ill. The photograph of the Navajo family in Arizona is from Ralph H. Anderson.—EDS.

Do You Take Color Photos?

WE SING "America The Beautiful." Why not set it to the music of color, too? If readers will supply enough dramatic pictures, TOGETHER will present eight full-color pages to illustrate the ideas that have put Katharine Lee Bates' verses close to the heart of so many Americans.

This poem offers exciting possibilities . . . *from spacious skies . . . amber waves of grain . . . purple mountains . . . to pilgrim historical sites . . . old trails . . .* and *alabaster cities.*

But don't be limited by the obvious! What "shot," for example, could theme "thy liberty in law"? A court scene or the U. S. Supreme Court Building? . . . Maybe one of a statue would illuminate the words "heroes proved in liberating strife"—or human-interest pictures from Korea. Let your poetic imagination go!

We'll need transparencies (*not* prints). We'll pay you $25 for any 35mm of the slide-type used; $35 for larger sizes. Send as many as you want to, but with return postage, please. We'll use all reasonable care in handling them and in returning those not published.

To be eligible, transparencies should be received not later than February 15, 1957. *But don't wait. Send them now* to: Photo Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

Letters

Another First for Texas

FERRIS W. NORTON, JR., *Pastor*
Houston, Texas

We aren't officially in existence yet . . . and we haven't even a name for our church . . . but you will find enclosed a list containing the names of every family committed to membership in our new church. It wouldn't surprise me if we are the *youngest* Methodist church to participate in the All-Family Plan to receive TOGETHER.

Please start our subscriptions as soon as possible!

Autumn Weather . . . Together

DELL MAY, *Housewife*
Russellville, Arkansas

Here we are by an open fire
In early Autumn weather
With a book or two, but best of all
Our new magazine TOGETHER.

Thumbing through I find it holds
Within its varied pages
Gems of thought for youth or child,
Wisdom for all ages.

Note from New Zealand

MERVYN HANCOCK, *Social Worker*
Gisborne, New Zealand

It was a great pleasure to find my church is publishing a magazine for the entire family. There is a very great need for this kind of literature today. I am afraid we have been too long concerned with the various groups in the church, rather than the family unit as a whole.

I'm delighted with the first issue of TOGETHER and to find that my children enjoy it as much as I do. We're looking forward to seeing future numbers.

Yes, Donald's Story Is True!

LENORA HAYES, *Housewife*
Chicago, Illinois

Is Donald a real boy? I mean the harelipped lad who had a hard time learning to say "Okay" at summer camp. His story appeared in the October TOGETHER.

His name isn't Donald, but he's real, all right. So is Charles Mussen, the counselor, who told the story to Katharine J. Pitkin. She, incidentally, is the widow of Walter B. Pitkin of Life Begins at Forty *fame.*

The story happened at the Fresh Air Mission, an agency supported by the Community Chest of Buffalo, New York, with help of the Rotary Club and an annual campaign of the Buffalo Evening News.—EDS.

Help for Small Fry

RUTH K. KENT
Seattle, Washington

I understand our church will emphasize TOGETHER's juvenile page in Sunday school and our ladies' organizations are going to use the articles as a guide for future study groups. Sincere good wishes!

Why Do Religious Movies Fail?

C. GLADSTONE BELL, *Pastor*
Island Park, New York

. . . [*Re: Looks at Movies*] I have not found reviews in other publications helpful because they are not written from the churchman's slant. The tragedy of our church relations with movies is that we have not been sensitive, appreciative, and applauding for good movies. Otherwise we would have had more of them. . . .

Cecil B. DeMille lost his job producing the first version of "Ten Commandments." I saw it four times!

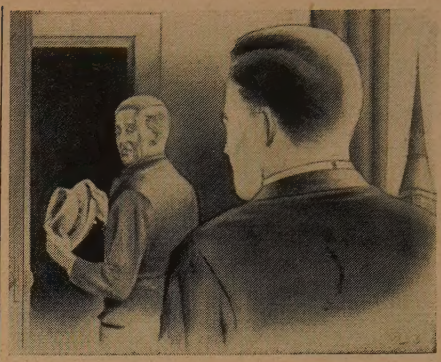
And since the second World War there was a very excellent movie (for religious value) which was a financial failure. . . . How can we complain of bad movies when we [fail to support those which are really worth while?]

DeMille was fired after making the black and white version back in 1923. But his studio promptly rehired him when it noted the silent movie's success. Today's Vista-Vision, technicolor version of The Ten Commandments *culminates 10 years of planning by the same Cecil B. DeMille.*—EDS.

A 'Modern' Interpretation?

AMEDEE M. SOURDRY
Landscape Architect
Piedmont, California

Those paintings of the Master were beautiful. You are certainly correct in saying that artists "see" Christ each in his own way. By applying individual techniques and attitudes, each painter brings into focus a synthesis of contemporaneous forces. . . . Perhaps one artist whose work should have been included in your October issue was Georges Rouault, the modern artist.



It's no use... I've been wrong too long

I couldn't admit to him how far down I'd gone . . . how hopeless I felt, faced with the first step back.

What made it harder—the whole town had changed. New stores, new houses. Hardly a face I recognized. Much as I wanted to come back home—home wasn't here any more. Even this young pastor was a stranger.

Ashamed to meet his eyes, I moved toward the door. Then, into that awkward silence—all heaven seemed to burst loose and fill the room! Its promise swept over me—those comforting old bells I'd nearly forgotten—reminding me of a Home that *was* here—a Home where I'd be welcome—*if I tried!*

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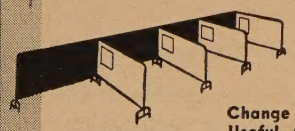

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Christ—Rouault version

Another Vote for Rouault

BARBARA ATWOOD JACKSON
Florence, South Carolina

The greatest artists of the last two thousand years have labored to present the idea of Jesus the Christ pictorially—Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Dürer, even Tintoretto. . . . In our day Rouault has presented the Jesus whose love gives power to face mobs, dishonor, earthly sorrow and death's pain. . . .

For the benefit of Readers Jackson, Soudry and others, a Rouault version of Christ is reproduced above. Some critics consider him the greatest living painter of religious subjects; others do not think so.—EDS.

Likes Readers' Comments

MRS. J. T. MARTIN
Sunday School Teacher
Bainbridge, Georgia

It will be nice to have a space for letters, as we like to read comments and expressions of other readers. . . . I am also glad that TOGETHER will not be cluttered with cooking recipes. . . .

The colored pictures are most artistic and [interpretations of Christ by Hofmann and Sallman] will be beautiful to frame for Sunday-school classrooms.

Doré on Painting Christ

HAROLD PHEND
Insurance Executive
Monticello, Indiana

Your fine collection of artists' conceptions of Christ reminded me of a remark made by Bishop Dana Dawson at the General Conference last Spring. "Gustave Doré, the great painter, said 'The more I love Christ, the better I

Christ—Doré version

can paint him.' Of course, the more I love Christ the better I can preach him."

I couldn't help but think, *the more I love Christ the better I live through him.*

They Studied Christ's Portraits

RUTH MCCLAREY
Lovington, Illinois

At both Intermediate and Senior Camps of the MYF at Henderson Settlement, Frakes, Ky., this summer, I used the *Faces of Jesus in Art* as found in TOGETHER. These interpretations help pupils understand and interpret the messages of the various artists. [I used the pictures to explain] color symbolism, as well as the meaning of circles, halos, the cross, position of the hand and other details. All could see messages the artists were trying to get across through the medium of canvas, color and design.

Inspiration from Sallman

RAYMOND B. SPURLOCK
Hospital Chaplain
Rochester, Minnesota

. . . I was particularly impressed with the fine reproduction of Warner Sallman's *Head of Christ.* You might be interested in the following story, told me by Karl P. Meister, former executive secretary of the Board of Hospitals and Homes.

Warner Sallman had painted a picture of the head of Christ for one of our Methodist hospitals in the Midwest. The morning following the unveiling of the picture, the chief surgeon came into the lobby—stopped, removed his hat and looked up at the picture with awe and reverence. The administrator of the hospital saw the surgeon standing

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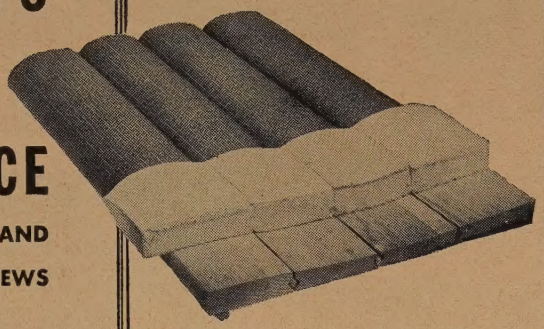

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there and asked him how he liked the picture. Said the surgeon, "I think it is wonderful . . . after looking up at the face of Christ I can do my work better today."

Different—And He Likes It

ELMER HINTON
Newspaper Columnist
Portland, Tennessee

Your *Looks at New Books* offers a refreshing departure from the usual book review pages. It indicates that a great many excellent books are being published today, and it provides a guide to assist one to [select from] the mass of published material now on the market.

I hope you'll continue to make reference to the great books of the past as well as today's promising works. . . . Your down-to-earth approach is to be commended.

Epistle to Barnabas

MISS MELISSA GRANT
News Correspondent
New Albany, Mississippi

Dear Barnabas: Pleased to meet you. Ever since I heard about you and Paul I've wondered about you, and now I'm glad to meet you in my new magazine.

Frankly, I like you—like the way you write about books. I'm a great lover of books, but not book reviews especially, not until now.

You see it's like this. I was thumbing through, after I read the news, when my eyes caught the name, Dr. T. Otto Nall, in bold type and Charlotte Paul. Then I began reading. Next it was Dr. Roy L. Smith. I liked the way you presented these and turned back to the beginning—page 58. First I enjoyed the mountains awhile, complimented the title layout to myself, and began reading. "What a good beginning," I thought.

Reluctantly I laid the magazine down, open at the place, to do some household duties and hurried back to read the whole article, carefully and with much enjoyment, for it is well written and chockfull of sparkling interest. I'm glad you are a part of the new Methodist magazine.

Thanks for your story on the books. It made me want to read them, especially *Why I Am a Methodist* and *Don't Kid Yourself, Minding Our Own Business, Eve Among the Puritans,* and *The Cup of Fury.* But there is just one hitch. I don't have the books.

And now I must hasten to read Mr. Teeter's article and the other good things in the magazine. Best wishes for you and the new magazine.

Together / NEWSLETTER

WAYS TO IMPROVE RACE RELATIONS will be studied in Louisville, Ky., November 15-16, by leaders from Methodism's Southeastern and Central (Negro) Jurisdictions. General Secretary A. Dudley Ward, of the Board of Social and Economic Relations, is in charge. Similar meetings have been—or will be—held at Chicago, Milwaukee, Atlanta, Kansas City, Baltimore, and New York.

IOWA STATE COLLEGE'S new Wesley Foundation building will be dedicated November 18, with Bishop F. Gerald Ensley as principal speaker. There are 3,000 Methodism-preference students at Ames.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND ARIZONA METHODISTS are snapping up new church sites in fast-growing sections. Churchmen borrow from the "Bishop's Prospector's Fund," buy before land values go up, and repay loan when the congregation is organized. Eleven new churches have been established and sites bought for 11 more in the past three years. This fall, after a whirlwind campaign by Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy, $500,000 was in the fund (oversubscribed $11,000). Membership in the 11 new churches is 2,971; property valuation, $892,280.

NEW AFRICAN BISHOP: The Rev. Ralph E. Dodge, 49, of Ridgewood, N. J., was elected on the first ballot at the recent Africa Central Conference. He will share administrative responsibility with Bishop Newell S. Booth.

THE U. S. RELIGIOUS "BOOM" is questioned by civic leaders responding to a new National Council of Churches survey. Twenty laymen and 15 clergymen agree church membership (now 100,162,529, an increase in one year of 2.8 per cent) and building programs point to widespread spiritual hunger. But they differ on whether the "revival" profoundly affects individuals or improves the country's moral tone. Most believe the "boom" has no spiritual depth—at least not yet. Laymen, generally, are more hopeful about the resurgence than clergymen.

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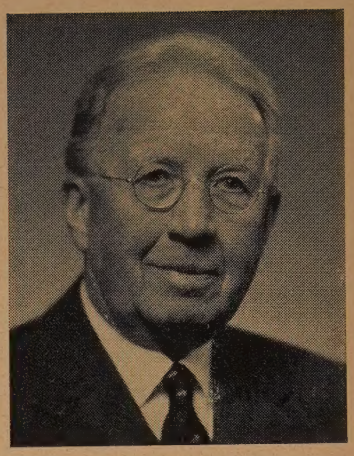
What COMMUNISM is doing for me

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK



COMMUNISM, backed by Russian imperialism, is the towering menace of our time. In consequence, our instinctive emphasis rests almost altogether on what Communism is doing *to* us. That, however, ought not to be the whole story. One of the main businesses of life is to transform menaces into stimulants, tragedies into teachers. I for one bear witness that Communism is doing something *for* me.

This does not mean any letting up on our first, indispensable reaction to the Kremlin's threat: our determination to withstand, by every rightful means within our power, its peril to us. *I am taking that for granted.* But strong personalities in every kind of disaster, personal and social, always do more than withstand their enemies: they profit by them, learn from them, grow wiser and better because of them. Thus I am convinced that, if we will, the Reds can do momentous things for us.

For one thing, the Communists are giving us an impressive exhibition of the vast importance of belief, of faith. "I believe," they say, and then they state the Leninist doctrine with conviction that shakes the world. Their creed is "dialectic materialism," which—no merely negative denial of God—holds that the course of history is such that the victory of the Communist system is assured. They really believe that what they are standing for has cosmic backing.

This is their religion, decked out with all the paraphernalia of rites and ceremonies, saints, shrines and pilgrimages, for which they are willing to live under stern discipline and to die as for a holy cause. This is their dogma which to them justifies any ruthless means, however shocking to "bourgeois morals," that will help them reach their goal.

Are we prepared to meet the Reds with a comparable faith? *That* is a crucial question.

To say that we stand for personal liberty is not enough. Personal liberty, by itself alone, can be selfish, irresponsible, not believing in anything, not committed to anything, license without loyalty.

Our Western liberties had their historic source in profound convictions about God, about man as the child of God, and so about essential human value and dignity. Our Democracy came from major elements in the Jewish-Christian faith concerning God and man, backed by the insights of the Greek philosophers. We have been drifting into neglect of these deep origins while supposing we could keep their consequence.

Man's life has two aspects: what belongs to him and what he belongs to. Our generation in the West has too much stressed the first—our property, inventions, rights, inherited privileges, our power conferred by modern science. That other aspect of man's life must have its innings now —*what we belong to.* If we are to meet Communism's tremendous creed we too must say, *I believe!* What follows *that* is not something which belongs to us but something to which we belong—ideas of right we hold inviolate, loyalties we would give our lives for.

Only a strong, convinced, persuasive faith can in the long run win the victory. If Communism does not bring that fact home to each of us, we must, I think, be blind.

Another service the Reds are rendering us: they mercilessly point out our faults, seeking out every failure which we should like to forget.

The Communists are telling the world that here in the United States equal economic and educational opportunities are denied to folk of darker skin. Some two thirds of the world's population have darker skins; to them the Communist charge is relevant and persuasive.

We boast about our education but about three million adults in our country have never gone to school at all. We exalt the American home, but we have one divorce for every three marriages.

Of course, such facts do not represent the whole truth, and in the general well-being of the nation we conceal them and forget. Now, however, we have enemies who will not let us forget. Among the victims of such social failures the Reds recruit their most numerous converts here. On such wrongs Communist propaganda flourishes.

"A liberal," says a recent definition, "is a conservative who has a conscience that troubles him." The Communists are helping me to be that. If we are wise, the Reds will arouse us to make Democracy really work as it never has worked before. That is the only final answer to Communism.

The Communists are telling us another truth, although they do it unwittingly: we cannot meet the problems of this oncoming generation with merely reactionary policies. In every chaotic epoch, such as ours, the temptation is to look back, become nostalgic for some imagined "good old times," cling to the *status quo*

and resist change. Granted we have priceless traditions to defend, a great heritage of Democracy and liberty which we must preserve. But if we wish to preserve liberty and Democracy, we must not think of them as static. Liberty and Democracy cannot be preserved by refrigeration, but only by development into new forms and fresh applications.

Here lies the crux of our conflict with Communism. The Reds vehemently proclaim a gospel of change: this world is all wrong, they say, and they are out to alter it. So, along with some idealists, identifying themselves with the underdog, millions of impoverished, discontented, exploited people around the world welcome the Communist propaganda; it promises them the one thing they want most—change.

Look, then, at the anti-Communist movement in our country and see how much of it is absorbed in being "anti," with no positive, constructive alternative to the transformed world which the Reds promise. Stalin turned too many Americans into Tories. When even a moderate liberal proposes forward-looking policies, he is likely to be tagged as a fellow traveler.

That attitude turns over to Communism the vast advantage of being the sole sponsor and backer of progressive change. In one area of the world after another we have thus been jockeyed into appearing as the champions of stand pat-ism against a ringing gospel of social change. If we are to beat the Communists, we must match and surpass them in proclaiming a new day to the world's common people, with liberty and Democracy implemented as they never have been, and made real as even in this country they never have been real.

Such was the spirit of our democratic ancestors. *They* were the progressives; *they* stirred the world with a gospel of revolutionary change; *they* were the apostles of a new day. We betray our forefathers if we let the desire for security and static changelessness crush that spirit. As Jean Jaures put it: "We should take from the past its fires and not its ashes."

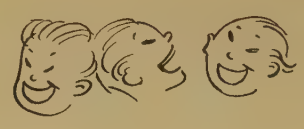
One other fact about the Communists should arouse us: they are relying for the success of their cause on *personal conversion*. They will use any other means they think will help, from political maneuvering and propaganda to risky ventures in violence, but in the long run what they are counting on is the conversion of individuals to Communism, here and around the world. It is as ingenious a missionary campaign as was ever waged. "Join the party," they say. "Here is the world's salvation. Give up allegiance to religion and decadent Democracy and become a convert to atheism, Communism!"

If ever Democracy in general and Christianity in particular faced a challenge, this is it. The Reds have stolen our technique: personal conversion. Who is going to win that game? It is not a question for government alone to answer, but for every one of us. This conflict which convulses the world is a personal matter, to be decided in the long run by the number of individuals who make up their minds and join a party.

Jesus said that when you have enemies who "hate you . . . and reproach you and cast out your name as evil" you are to "rejoice in that day and leap for joy."

That is asking a good deal! I have not yet been able to "leap for joy" because of the Communists, but this much seems clear: If we should rise to the occasion, it might turn out that one of the best things that ever happened to American Democracy was the confrontation of Communism, with its blazing faith, its pitiless attacks upon our failures, its endeavor by personal conversion to win the world. We are up against that confrontation. Can we, like Wordsworth's *Happy Warrior,* "turn our necessity to glorious gain"?

The Freedom to Laugh



I WAS TEACHING in Peking when Mukden fell to the Japanese in 1931. Over 700 high-school girls vowed they would by example arouse the land to resist. While their fellow countrymen were in bondage, all fun and recreation must cease.

A pall soon settled over the school. The playground was empty. The girls rushed through their meals in silence, scarcely conscious of what they ate. One after another, girls went to bed sick. Hysterics grew common. When one girl attempted suicide, the Chinese principal felt it was time to act.

He called all the students and faculty together and told them China needed men and women with strong bodies and alert minds. How could they get these better than through athletics, games, music, and laughter? It was a masterful speech and he won them.

Nearly 20 years later, the Communists took over. Once more life became serious. Every moment was filled with meetings, demonstrations, and propaganda plays. Life became regimented.

As an English teacher, I was asked to assist in revamping textbooks. Maupassant had to go—"too bourgeois." Abraham Lincoln and the *Gettysburg Address* were banned—"too American." Then we came to an English story, *Saki*. I mentioned that students enjoyed it and that it had no political slant.

"No," said an ardent Communist, "it's just light fun, with no purpose. We have no time to waste in fun."

After similar episodes, I realized no true friend of the Chinese could teach in that atmosphere. Finally, I got an exit permit and returned to America.

What a relief from tension! Once more I was with people who could laugh—even at themselves. Once more I had the God-given freedom to be gay—to face life, refreshed by humor. And so today I listen for friendly laughter in darkened corners around the world. For where there is laughter, there is hope!

—Laura B. Cross

Orchid

A modern city-life version of the parable of the good seed.

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

THE BITTER WIND which brought to New York the year's first blizzard was not powerful enough to erase the smile from the lips of Tony Williams.

Trudging up the stairway from the subway, people shivered in anticipation, buttoned their overcoats tightly, and braced themselves against the icy blasts waiting for them at street level.

But not Tony Williams. No matter what the temperature might be, he was warm clear through. He didn't resent the four blocks he'd have to walk from the subway to his little apartment. He didn't care that the night was forbidding or that the swirling snow almost blanked out the street lights. He only knew that tonight was the night. He remembered only that within a couple of hours at most he'd be with Clarice, and that they'd go somewhere for an evening of dinner and dancing.

Nobody noticed him as he walked homeward, ignoring the wind, the snow, the cold. Pedestrians were too concerned with their own physical misery. But if they had noticed, they'd have seen a blond, personable young man, 24 years of age, approximately six feet in height, with blue-gray eyes and a clear, clean complexion.

They'd have seen a young man in love.

He turned from the avenue into the street on which he lived. The gale snapped at him without really touching him. He paused in front of a florist shop. He looked through the frosted window to the refrigerator in the rear where the rarer and more delicate flowers were kept. On impulse, he opened the door and stepped inside. The warm, fragrant air of the shop enclosed him like a caress, and a thin, pleasant little man came forward to inquire what he wanted.

He ordered an orchid corsage—one orchid—without asking the price. It'd be expensive, sure, and he wasn't accustomed to that sort of extravagance. But this was an extra special evening.

Clarice and an orchid. They belonged together. They were both glamorous. No other flower could so well set off her blonde beauty. Just looking at the blossom, Tony Williams knew that this was the final, perfect touch.

The florist finished his job and handed Tony a gold-and-green cellophane box. The corsage rested daintily inside on its bed of tissue. He'd enjoy giving it to Clarice when he called for her: It would bolster his pride and his confidence. Maybe she was accustomed to receiving such attentions, but he was not used to giving them.

He turned in at his apartment house, went up to the third floor in the automatic elevator, and let himself into his one-room-and-kitchenette. He placed the cellophane box on the gateleg table.

He whistled gaily as he stripped off his clothes, shaved and showered. He came out of the bathroom and once again looked at the corsage. "Lucky orchid," he said aloud. "She'll make you look lovely."

The telephone rang. He picked up the receiver and said, "Hello."

"Tony?"

No mistaking that voice. "Clarice," he said.

"I've been calling and calling, Tony . . ."

"Just got in a little while ago. Then I took a shower. I didn't hear the 'phone." He was smiling with the fatuousness of a young man very much in love. "All set for tonight?"

Her voice was as cold and im-

For a Lady

personal as the wind which knifed through the street outside. "That's what I've been calling you about. I'm afraid I have to disappoint you."

It took only that instant to rob him of his elation. He said, "Why, Clarice? Something wrong?"

She could have dissembled, but that wasn't Clarice's way: certainly not with a young man who wasn't important. She said, "Something came up late this afternoon . . ."

He spoke intuitively. "Some thing or some*body?*"

"Somebody, if you must know. He was insistent, and—"

"Is that fair, Clarice? To break a date with me just because another man asks you . . ."

"I'll go with you another night," she answered coolly.

"Another night wouldn't be as good as tonight."

"It'll have to do. I'm sorry." The way she said "I'm sorry" meant that she wasn't sorry at all: merely annoyed.

"Look, Clarice," he said with a firmness and dignity which surprised him, "I've waited a long time for this: Just to have an evening alone with you. It has meant something special."

"You're talking like a schoolboy."

"If you had a good excuse . . ."

"I don't need excuses. I simply have other plans for tonight. If you want to make it some other time . . ."

"I won't," he said quietly.

"Have it your own way. You're acting like a child, and I don't like children."

He didn't say anything. He waited silently until he heard the 'phone click at her end.

So that was that. It was much more than that. Because this evening had meant so terribly much to him, he was more aware of her brutality; he was able to see things he'd never seen before.

His eyes moved to the cellophane box. Same orchid, same ribbon, same box, same pin. But it was different.

It still reminded him of Clarice, but his perspective had changed. There was no glamor to the orchid now. It had become tawdry, a flamboyant decoration which had been intended for a tawdry, flamboyant girl. He didn't know whether he hated the orchid because he sudden-

ly had come to hate Clarice, or whether it was the other way around. All he knew for sure was that he didn't want any more of either.

As he dressed, he felt more of anger than of disappointment. He wanted to get rid of the orchid, to free himself from this symbol of Clarice. He knew now that he wasn't in love with her, that he never had been, really. He'd been in love with a person who didn't exist.

He put on his overcoat and went downstairs, carrying the cellophane box under his arm. As he stepped into the street, the arctic wind bit into him and he shivered.

He felt a trifle silly standing there with the corsage under his arm. He had no idea what he meant to do with it. To walk up to somebody, in the midst of a blizzard, and to say, "Would you like an orchid?" It was absurd. He decided to throw it into the gutter. He moved to the curb, and then he saw Johnny wheeling himself down the street.

That got him. Johnny Conley, who had been in a wheel chair since his return from Italy in 1944; Johnny Conley, who had a little newspaper and magazine stand near the subway kiosk; Johnny Conley, who must once have been a rollicking giant of a man.

Watching Johnny propelling his wheel chair laboriously through the snow and wind did things to Tony Williams. Johnny was headed home, to the little apartment where he lived with his wife. They got along somehow: government pension, Johnny's newspaper stand, Mary's job in a store. You never really asked questions. This was New York; you knew people only as you saw them —without bothering your head or your heart about how they lived, what they thought, or about the fabric of their dreams.

Tony waited until the wheel chair came close. Then he said, "Need a hand, Johnny?"

"Naah! I'm doing fine."

"Snow's getting deep."

"You ain't kidding. Tomorrow I'll break out my reindeers."

Tony looked down at the cellophane box with the orchid corsage. He said awkwardly, "Look, I'm in a spot. Had a date for tonight, but it blew up. I'm stuck with an orchid. You got any use for it?"

Johnny hesitated, and Tony understood. "Listen, fella," he said. "I'm not trying to sell it to you. I want to give it away." He laughed. "I'd look cute going out to dinner with an orchid in my lapel."

The man in the wheel chair said, "Well, if it's just something you want to get rid of . . ."

Tony put it in his lap. "You've done me a favor, Johnny. Now how about me pushing you home?"

"Nope. Thanks, though." Johnny's voice was gentle. "And thanks for this. The wife will get a bang out of it."

Once more Johnny started his slow, brave progress down the street. It was tough going, with the snow, the ice and the wind. Crazy thing, life. Why, the guy had actually looked happy when he'd got the orchid. He'd looked like Tony had been feeling an hour previously, like a man in love.

MARY CONLEY raised her head and listened to the storm outside.

There was a window just above the sink, and on the sill Mary could see the snow piled in a line which slanted upward from left to right, like a graph.

She had prepared braised short ribs for Johnny tonight. He was very fond of them, and they were inexpensive. A jar of horseradish was already on the little table in the corner of the combined bed-sitting room. She had cooked potatoes and fixed a bread pudding (from a loaf of stale bread) for dessert. There was coffee, of course. Johnny would be needing something hot when he got home.

She turned the gas low, went into the other room, and dropped into a chair. She was tired. All day on her feet, clerking. Home in a crowded bus, then the job of cleaning up and fixing dinner.

She sat waiting for Johnny, but she couldn't relax. The storm sounded pretty bad. Johnny was later than usual. Maybe he was having trouble wheeling himself home. Her instinct was to go after him, but she knew he would resent that. There wasn't too much he could do for himself, but he handled his wheel chair expertly . . . with a certain pride, even.

So she leaned back in the chair once more, and waited and wondered and worried. She had time to study the apartment . . . she could see all of it from where she sat. Yes, one of these days they'd get the new curtains they wanted, maybe a nice picture to hang over that crack in the plaster.

Another fifteen minutes passed and Mary had just about determined to go after Johnny whether he liked it or not, when she heard the sound of his wheel chair in the hallway. She went into the kitchen and turned the gas a little higher so that they could have dinner just as soon as Johnny washed up.

She heard the door open and close. She called a greeting and said she'd have dinner ready in just a minute.

She walked into the room, bearing the platter with the braised short ribs. He was sitting in his wheel chair, near the table, and he was grinning broadly. "Hi, Beautiful!" he said. "What's for tonight?"

She showed him the contents of the platter as she bent to kiss him. He reached up one strong hand and locked it back of her head. His lips had a tingling urgency to which she responded with an eagerness which surprised her. She pulled away from him finally, her face flushed. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Mr. Conley?" she asked.

"I certainly am not. Nothing is too good for the gal who cooks short ribs for me."

She turned to go back to the kitchen. "Pretty cold out, isn't it, Johnny?"

"Not too bad. Just a lot of wind and snow and low temperature."

She caught the gay note in his voice. He looked like he'd been up to some mischief, and didn't care how soon he got caught. She said, "What is it, Johnny?"

"What's what?"

"You've got something on your mind."

His grin broadened. "If you ever used those two lovely eyes . . ."

It was then that she saw the cellophane box on the end table next to the tattered couch. Her eyes lighted, her lips parted and she said, "Oh! Johnny! You didn't!"

He said nothing: just sat there and watched her.

She was transfigured, and awed.

"An orchid, Johnny! The first orchid I've ever had!"

Her fingers trembled as she untied the ribbon on the box and lifted the lid. She handled the corsage as though fearful it might fall to pieces, destroying a happiness greater than any she had known in years.

"Don't scold me for being extravagant," he was saying. "A guy gave it to me. And I thought . . ."

She flung herself at him, and kissed him again and again. She got a glass from the kitchen, put the corsage in it, and placed it in the middle of their dining table.

"I—I've always heard it's better not to use water, Johnny. They last longer. Oh! it's so beautiful . . . and you're so wonderful . . ."

"Hey!" he said sternly. "Wait a minute. You're not supposed to cry."

She shook the tears of happiness away. She brought in the rest of the dinner and seated herself across the table from her husband.

The storm outside sounded far away. The apartment was no longer drab. They beamed at each other across the table, their eyes meeting over the orchid.

It was the same orchid: the orchid which had looked glamorous earlier in the night when it had been intended for a girl who was supposed to be glamorous; the orchid which had looked tawdry when it became obvious that the girl who might have worn it was tawdry.

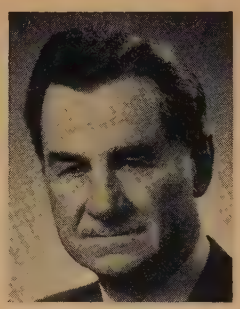
Yes, it was the same orchid. But here in this apartment—with these people—it was warm and wholesome.

An Invitation to Write About:

The Day My Religion Meant Most to Me

Gerald Kennedy, author and bishop, Los Angeles Area

Felix McKnight, managing editor, Dallas Morning News



Lowell Thomas, author, radio announcer, and commentator

We invite you to share with other readers your own true story of Christian witness in everyday life. These should be warm, human stories. The three contributions judged best will be published in succeeding issues.

This contest is open to you and all members of your family. While ministers may not enter, the contest is open to their wives and children. A similar contest for ministers will be announced in the near future.

Your manuscript must be typewritten, double spaced, preferably on 8½ by 11 paper. When mailed, your manuscript should (1) be identified as a contest entry, (2) bear your full name and street address, (3) list your church affiliation.

To be eligible, your entry must be postmarked not later than February 15, 1957. We regret that no entries can be returned unless sufficient postage is enclosed. All winners become the property of TOGETHER.

Eight cash prizes are offered. The first prize is $250, second prize is $150; third prize is $100. In addition, there will be five honorable mention prizes of $25 each. Content, not literary skill, will be the deciding factor.

Our judges include two well-known Methodist laymen and a Methodist bishop. Their pictures appear above. The decisions of these judges will be final. Now it is up to you: tell us about the day your religion meant most to you!

THE ESSAY EDITOR, TOGETHER, 740 RUSH ST., CHICAGO 11, ILL.

A real-life story from the frozen Northland:

'Today is Sunday'

By Robert Christie

WHEN I GOT up that Sunday morning, the furthest thing from my mind was that I might go to church. Our small camp, a lonely cluster of snowhouses set like white beehives in that polar wilderness, was on the southeastern tip of Victoria Island. We were an hour's flying time above the Arctic Circle and there wasn't a place of worship within 500 miles.

Once away from the warmth of my sleeping bag, I dressed quickly under the igloo's low dome. Outside, the February morning was still dark asleep. A broach of stars was pinned low in the west. A cuff of wind, solid with cold, slapped my face so that I flung my mittened hand to the bruise. As I stumbled toward the snow-banked shelter where Luke Kolla, our young Eskimo scout, slept, the sled-dogs moved uneasily on their chains and whined bad-temperedly. The rest of the camp was still quiet.

I groped my way in the chilly blackness down the snow tunnel that burrowed to Luke's door. He wakened at once, lit a lantern, and smiled a good morning at me. Then he wriggled back down into the friendliness of his bedroll where his eyes rose like two black moons above the rim of blanket.

"Today," he said, fitting the word to his tongue as if it were something that might pinch, "what?"

He saw that I didn't understand. He tried again from his limited supply of English. "What—today?"

Knowing that the calendar date would mean nothing to him, I answered, "Today is Sunday."

"Yes?" He rose on one elbow so that I could see his undershirt was swarthy from months of wear. He pointed upward to the canvas peak of the shelter and made a circular gesture that took in the heavens. "Sunday—God." Delight ran across his whole face as he smiled. "God," he repeated, speaking more to himself than to me.

Squirming around on his belly, he reached for a canvas war-bag, then dug around in its insides. An extra package of cigarettes came out first, and then a spare pair of socks, some fur mitts, and a bone-fitted blade. Finally with an air of triumph and reward, he drew out a book—then got up and handed it to me.

It was a battered, much-used volume in a shabby fire-scorched maroon binding and its pages were loose. But Luke handed it to me as if it were of tremendous value. It was Jesse Lyman Hurlbut's *Story of The Bible*.

"Church," he said with a gesture that embraced us both. "God. Him every place."

Obviously he wished to share his faith with me. Perhaps he even wished to instruct me in a matter of fact that might have escaped my observation. Luke had seen plenty of white men in this part of the world: he was taking no chances, theologically or otherwise, with my ignorance.

When I smiled my praise of Dr. Hurlbut's volume, Luke's nimble hands went flying through its pages with the same sureness he would hitch his dogs to a *komatik* or fish through the ice for Arctic char. He stopped at Leinweber's illustration of Daniel surrounded by four lions.

Luke Kolla had never seen a lion, of course, and I do not know what image of King Darius he could conjure out of his barren and punishing existence. But Luke's bronze face made plain his disapproval of the men who stirred up trouble for Daniel.

"No good," he said, threatening the page with his fist. "No good mens."

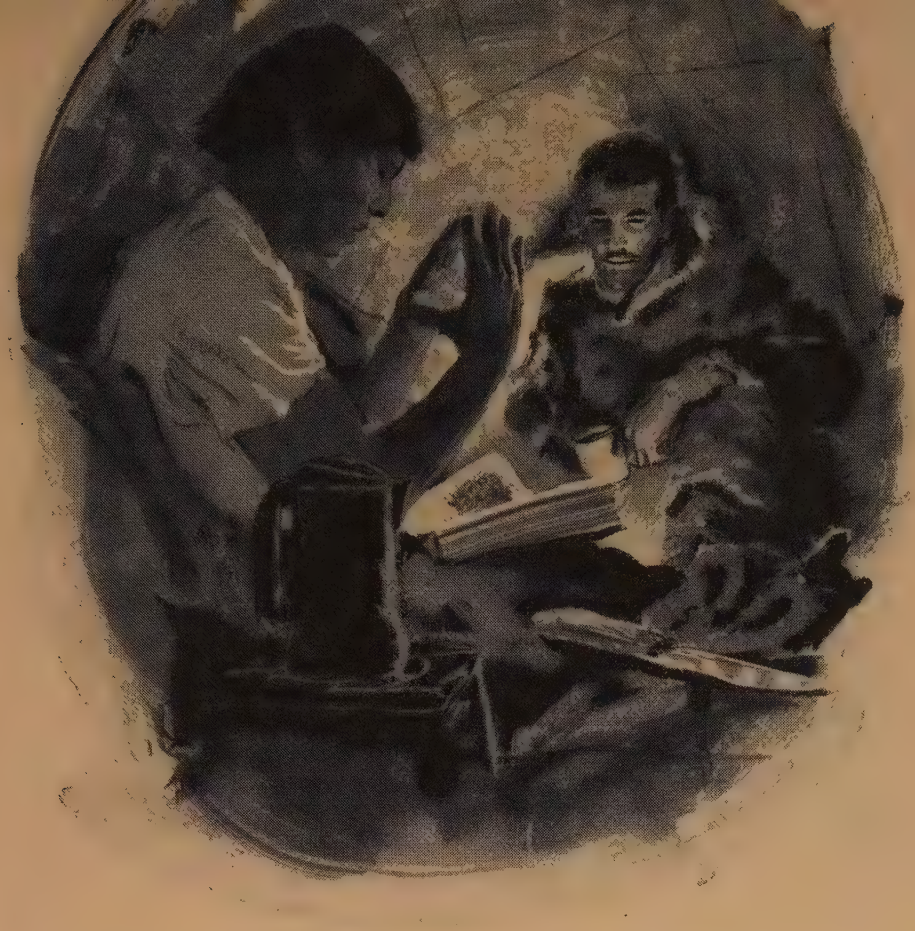
The lions truly fascinated him. Luke came of a hunting people and he knew any truce between men and wild game is likely to show its patches. I think he regarded the lions as rather peculiar-looking polar bears—but bears, and not the kind of company a wise Eskimo would choose to be locked up with. Only a very powerful shaman—or, even better still, a man under divine protection—could get away unscathed from such appalling risk.

"Dan," he said, tapping the page. "Not kill." He gestured as if it were quite possible to reach out and touch the Almighty. "God save."

Luke well understood how merciless great animals can be. It was a tremendous adventure story to him, and he keenly felt the undertone of suspense and menace. But Luke Kolla also *knew*—as he knew where he could trap the Arctic blue fox—that Daniel's faith in God had brought him to safety. And that faith, kindled by some itinerant Protestant missionary, had become, firmly and without question or reservation, Luke's as well.

Luke interrupted our informal order of service for a cup of coffee and a cigarette. Then, using his cigarette as a conductor does a baton, he began to sing. The words themselves were strange, but the tune was unmistakable—summoning with a rush of memory a small church and earliest boyhood. Luke was singing, verse after verse, "Stand up, stand up for Jesus, ye soldiers of the Cross —." He sang with fidelity and gusto.

When he finished, he took up his Hurlbut once more. Now I knew why so many pages were loose: Luke



Luke pointed upward and made a circular gesture that took in the heavens.

flipped its leaves as if he could barely contain his impatience until he found whatever he was seeking. He grunted with real satisfaction whenever he did.

"Devil," Luke said, his brown forefinger tracing with repugnance the artist's conception of a reptilian-looking Satan. He shuddered. His loathing may have been in some way related to the primitive horror of spirits that lurk to seize and carry men to their eternal destruction. "Bad—bad!"

I wondered how Luke would explain the story of Christ's temptation in the wilderness. What bridge would he use to get across the chasm of language that separated us? I needn't have worried. Like so many of his people, he was a gifted, lucid, and original pantomimist.

His moving finger stopped gently on Leinweber's painting of Christ rejecting the temptation of turning stones into bread. "Good," Luke said, beaming with approval. And then, as his eyes flicked back to the tempter, he scowled savagely. He wanted me to understand that this was a contest between Good and Evil. I was his friend. It would never do for me to enlist on the wrong side.

I smiled at him, hoping to communicate that his views were the same as mine.

Fitting his hands palms together, he tilted his head so that it rested on them as if they were a pillow. Then he closed his eyes. Not until he again straightened up, slowly closing and opening both hands four times, did it dawn on me what Luke was trying to convey. Then I had it. The head to one side meant sleep—the two hands hinged open and shut four times tallied 40. Ah, 40 sleeps! Luke was describing the 40 days alone in the desert!

Then Luke looked faint, his lashes sagged wearily and, throwing back his blankets so that I could see he had pulled his stomach shallow, he held it in a recognizable imitation of agony. He shook his head slowly as if in commiseration with the starving man who was greater than his temptation.

As I marvelled at the clarity of this 21-year-old's understanding and his honesty of perception, I recalled that the Eskimo knows the belly-pinching horror of hunger. Shifts in the wildlife population can leave him starving this winter in what last year was a land of plenty. Then man and family may travel weeks without sighting even an Arctic hare. Tragedy may come after they have eaten their last sled-dog.

Another cup of coffee revived Luke. It seemed to remind him that after many trials there can be triumph. The natural sunniness of his face returned and he continued with his tale of victory—the old, old story of Good overcoming Evil—a story that somehow stays fresh for all people everywhere. Luke himself was enchanted by it.

"Father," he said, opening his mouth and feeding himself in pantomime. "Father give."

I did not know what to say then—even had I been capable of saying it. Like many of my generation, I have got out of the habit of regularly going to church. And yet here was a Stone Age man who felt—and was able to convey—the majesty and power of faith. Here, in a part of the world where it would be easy to treat Sunday as just another day, Luke, to whom our calendar remains a mystery, set it aside for worship. He did not need any of the outward trappings we "civilized" people associate with the utterance of our religion. But he did possess two things without which all the rest are meaningless, complete trust and an attitude of devotion.

"God is everywhere," he had said with a child's simplicity and a child's belief. Whatever happened to him in that lonely land of the high North, he could never be absolutely deserted as long as that were true.

Perhaps in the shuffle and scramble of life I had forgotten that. Luke Kolla, in that remote, austere and unlikely place, had again reminded me, quite unforgettably, of its truth.

Not meaning to, hardly intending that I should, I had worshiped that Sunday as surely as if I had stepped through the doors of a great church. Feeling this, I was unable to shake the usages of civilization. The collection was one dollar.

My preacher grinned at me then and, happily, we two had another cup of coffee.

Midmonth Powwow

Ban Big-Scale Atomic Bomb Tests?

YES

CHARLES A. COULSON . . . holds degrees in mathematics, physics, and chemistry. He is Rouse Ball Professor of mathematics in Oxford University, England, but also is a local Methodist preacher. His address on atomic energy was a high-spot of recent World Methodist Council sessions at Lake Junaluska, North Carolina.

NOW THERE are some Christians who take the pacifist position. I myself am one of them, and I confess that I became a pacifist on the same day and at the same hour that I consciously became a Christian. For such people there can be no doubt about their position in the matter of atomic bombs. These are evil things, whose production and use is a denial of the power of the Holy Spirit to act in men's hearts, and a refusal to face the implications of Christ's way of love in 20th-century conditions. Therefore there must be no demonstrations of their efficacy and power. This is an absolute answer which admits no further discussion.

But there are others—the majority of Christians—who cannot come to the difficult issue of peace and war with so sure a mind. I believe that if they know enough of the facts, such people ought to conclude, both on the grounds of practical politics and also on the grounds of Christian conviction, that not only are the arguments in favor of continuing these atomic tests unconvincing, but the arguments against them are strong. Let us consider these matters in turn.

First, what are the official reasons for further bomb explosions? They are twofold: 1) that in view of the Russian possession of such bombs, we must keep our lead by testing new devices for attack and for defense; 2) that such demonstrations are a clear warning to any possible enemies that the nations of the West have plenty of destructive power which they could bring into operation if need be.

Neither of these reasons convinces me. To begin with, it is generally agreed that both the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. already possess a large enough stockpile of atomic weapons to obliterate all the main centers of communication in all the major countries of the world, and such that the poisonous products of the explosions would make practically all life of any kind whatever impossible over a large part of the earth's surface. President Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill have both practically admitted this.

There is no point, therefore, in building more atomic bombs, nor in improving them by increasing the area of devastation for each one of them. We have already reached a size such that one bomb can do as much damage as all the conventional type bombs dropped on London in World War II. Why then do we need to make yet more?

And second, we do not really intend ever to use these bombs. For we know that if either country once starts an atomic war, the other country is sure to retaliate, and nothing but massive and appalling devastation would result. There will be no winners of an atomic war, but only losers.

If we do not intend to use the things, then we do no good by demonstrating to other countries just how many of them we possess, and how destructive they are. For all the world knows this, and one day our bluff might be called.

There are two main reasons which the Christian can bring forward in favor of abolishing any more bomb demonstrations. These are (a) the way to make peace, and (b) the genetic dangers of all atomic explosions.

The making of peace is not easy. As H. G. Wells put it in one of his novels: "Making permanent peace is a huge, heavy, complex, distressful task of mental engineering." There certainly are vast problems, of goods

and energy and population, which will need to be settled before any peace is permanent. Many of these problems could be solved now, if we had the right mode of approach.

Peace, as the Christian knows, is one of the fruits of the Spirit; it is the result of an attitude of mind, in which Christian love and charity and confidence can play a notable part. Every one of these is rendered more difficult by the demonstration of more bomb explosions. What confidence in the peaceful intentions of the West can we expect our friends in Russia to have if we offer them the right hand of fellowship and with our left hand we practice more and more devilish means of destruction?

If we have doubts about these bombs, let us remember that Einstein, in a conversation shortly before the end of his life, said, "I made one great mistake when I signed the letter to President Roosevelt recommending that atomic bombs be made." And let us be ashamed that a non-Christian has to show Christians what is the meaning of the word *sin*.

We can now have a look at the genetic dangers involved in bomb explosions. Here the essentials may be very briefly put, even though our detailed knowledge of certain "numerical magnitude" is still not as complete as we should like. It is universally agreed that many of our physical and mental characteristics, such as height, color of hair, resistance to disease, are almost wholly determined by hereditary factors. Most biologists further agree that those hereditary factors are held in a large number of genes—some 10 to 20 thousand for us humans.

From time to time one of these genes is altered or modified in some way. We say that a mutation has occurred. However, expert geneticists have shown convincingly that it is highly dangerous to have a large number of mutations occurring in a short space of time.

Now a certain number of mutations are always occurring naturally, and we can do nothing about them. Cosmic radiation, which comes to this earth from outer space, is one of the most effective agents for those mutations. So are heat, and certain types of chemicals (e.g., poisonous mustard gas) and so also is radiation in the atmosphere.

It is this latter possibility that concerns us here. For every time that we explode an atomic bomb, we increase the amount of this background radiation. In some part of the world this background is already doubled. Occasionally a large increase may occur rapidly. Thus after a single bomb explosion in Nevada, rain which fell on the cities of Albany and Troy added to every person there approximately one hundredth part of the total dosage which the biologists warn us is dangerous.

This radioactive radiation which follows an explosion dies away very slowly, over many years, so that we are daily accumulating more radiation effects as long as we live. Every explosion adds to this, and since much of the product of an explosion is in the form of tiny dust particles, which go high into the atmosphere carrying the radioactivity with them, and very gradually settle on the earth almost uniformly, this danger cannot be localized.

Even now, Professor Muller and others have estimated that within the next three generations we shall already have maimed or destroyed some 30,000 human beings; and the maximum effect due to these explosions will not be experienced until something like the tenth generation.

THIS FIGURE of 30,000 is probably a conservative one. Thus Professor J. B. S. Haldane, the British geneticist, has calculated that the amount of radiation already received:

"would be responsible for nearly half a million deaths, of which perhaps 15,000 would be amongst descendants of the people of Britain. Calculations suggest that a few hundred of these extra deaths will occur in the next generation. The frequency will then fall off, but begin to rise again in a century or so, when marriages between cousins descended from the same person alive today will become common. About half the deaths will take place in the next 5,000 years, but some may be put off for 100,000 years. But many of them would probably be deaths in early embryonic life, not even causing a painful miscarriage. And the actual number of deaths shortly before birth, at birth, or in early youth, might be as few as 50,000 or even less."

It is clear that too great a reliance cannot be put in any detailed figures of this sort. But if the sins of the parents are thus to be visited upon the third and fourth generations, then it is surely time that someone cried: Halt!

The Christian does not live entirely in the present; in some sense he looks out upon the whole panorama of time, and his responsibilities accompany his gaze. We cannot abdicate our role here and leave the decision to scientists, splendid as their tradition undoubtedly is; nor to politicians, or statesmen, or anyone else.

The little limerick which we sometimes quote in Britain:

There was a young girl from a Mission,
Who was seized by a dreadful suspicion
That original sin
Didn't matter a pin
For the era of nuclear fission

describes a wholly unnecessary fear on the young girl's part. The great and searching questions bound up with our nuclear knowledge admit of no easy solutions, certainly none that are not at rock bottom religious.

It therefore behooves those of us who call ourselves Christians to recognize the religious nature even of such a matter as atomic bomb explosions and firmly to resist any attempt by politicians or others to persuade us of their pragmatic value.

Yet we cannot stop here. For merely to cease from further test explosions is at best merely a first step to peace; and to make one step without following it up with others may even do harm.

I believe that unless the cessation of tests is accepted as the first stage in some positive policy, it will be largely ineffective. Now the wonder of our present situation is just this—that if we so desire, we may make the conversion of our policy away from bomb development the basis of a huge attack on the needs of much of the world, and particularly the undeveloped countries. For these countries need the power which comes from the atom, and if their civilization is to develop, they need it quickly.

This is why President Eisenhower's gift of uranium and the policy of "Atoms for Peace" has seemed to some of us a possible beginning for

the most magnificent world project that has ever happened. Let us press it forward, and share gladly with all other countries, not excluding Russia.

Let us dream great dreams: of the evaporation of sea water to irrigate Central Australia; of the blasting of mountains to water those desert areas of the United States; of the changing of the whole climate of Siberia; of the development of Antarctica as a new continent that will support life and yield its share of natural mineral products; and of the upraising of the standard of life of millions in India and China and the Middle East, where poverty lingers and hunger destroys, all for the lack of power dedicated to the betterment of people who have benefitted little from modern technology.

The abolition of bomb tests could be that start of such world-wide projects, whose ultimate result would be a unity that could never be acquired except by trust between major powers—and their peoples.

BAN BIG-SCALE BOMB TESTS?

NO

ALBIN E. JOHNSON . . . was adviser and member of the U.S. delegation to the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, under chairmanship of Bernard Baruch. He served with the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy and was a member of the American delegation to the Conference on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, held at Geneva in 1955.

SHOULD FREE NATIONS stop large-scale tests of thermonuclear bombs? A realistic appraisal of the world as it is—not pious hopes of what it should be—is the basis for a categorical, "No."

The reason for the tests is not just to make "a bigger bang," as President Eisenhower has said, but human welfare in time of war *and peace*. He stated the case succinctly:

"We cannot prove wise and strong by any such simple device as suspending unilaterally our H-bomb tests. Our atomic knowledge and power have forged the saving shield of freedom, and the future use and control of atomic power can be assured not by any theatrical gesture but only by explicit and supervised international agreements."

The President voiced the opinion of leading scientists and statesmen when he declared that "research without tests is perfectly useless, a waste of money, and, as long as we have to do it [develop and perfect nuclear weapons] we should do it right, the best we know how."

To discontinue tests of atomic weapons—be they bigger *or* smaller —or the improvement of any other weapons in our defense arsenal at the present stage of international morality could be tragic for the free world and for people who have lost their freedom and hope to regain it. Unhappily, no treaty signed in the past (*vide* the Briand-Kellogg Pact and League of Nations Covenant) or none now in existence (the United Nations Charter) or any being negotiated for the future (proposed non-aggression and limitation-of-arms agreements) has abolished or can be reasonably expected to abolish war.

To assure the liberties and rights that make life worth while in these days, a nation must be strong, and to be strong realistically means to have an effective superiority of armaments. In any global clash of tomorrow, no holds will be barred, no rules will be observed, no type of weapons will be banned, if their use gives assurance of advantage or promise of victory. That is the inescapable fact we must face.

After 15 years of intensive development, atomic energy is still in swaddling clothes; we haven't as yet emerged far into the Atomic Age. To halt studies (and H-bomb experimentation constitutes studies in more ways than one) of the behavior of the atom would be as shortsighted as it would have been to quit experiments with airplanes after the Wright brothers had proved man could fly.

"A superior weapon's capability is not an objective which can be once gained and thereafter maintained by no further effort," warns Dr. Harold S. Vance of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission.

Science cannot stand still, any more than it can turn backward. Because there exists the possibility that forces God has revealed to man for his betterment may be misused is no reason why these forces should be rejcted, or not developed. Atomic energy, which was first loosed to produce a bomb, holds fantastic promise of service to mankind—but not without risk.

One hazard is radiation. Do the big bombs poison seafoods and marine life; contaminate plants and nutrition upon which man exists; and create hereditary mutations which might jeopardize the future of the human race?

This danger seems to be exaggerated. According to findings of the National Research Council, the average radiation dose which susceptible sex cells of the average American will receive over a period of 30 years is: from natural sources, 4.3 roentgens; from X rays, 3 roentgens; from atomic weapons (at the last five-year average), 0.1 roentgens.

In other words, atomic weapons tests over the next 30 years at the present rate of experiments will expose Mr. and Mrs. America to only one-thirtieth of the exposure each will receive from X rays in offices of doctors and dentists.

If genetic dangers start only after from 30 to 80 roentgens' exposure, as is claimed, then exposures of 0.1 roentgens, resulting from thermonuclear tests over a 30-year period, would be less than insignificant.

Radiostrontium 90, generally considered as the villain of radioactive materials, has been demonstrated to be the most hazardous of all by-products of high-yield bomb tests. Strontium has an average life of 40 years. It readily finds its way into the bone structure of animals and humans and stubbornly remains embedded there causing tumors. The route followed is from fallouts through vegetation, via milk and dairy products into humans.

Dr. Willard F. Libby, U. S. Atomic Energy Commissioner, has made an intensive study of strontium 90 fallouts. "Operation Sunshine" monitored fallouts through 109 observer stations, 70 of which were outside the United States. After analysis of plants, foodstuffs, soils, and animals in all parts of the world, Dr. Libby concluded that "the hazard from present day testing of nuclear weapons is insignificant."

Based upon the MPC unit (maximum permissible concentration) or one milicurie, which is the average strontium content found in 1,000 grams of calcium which composes the human skeleton, the analysis of Wisconsin milk showed a strontium 90 content of 1/1000 MPC. Milk in foreign countries revealed much less or about 1/3000 MPC. Measurement of the precipitation of strontium from air after tests indicated that the fallout would continue until 1975, at which time the maximum amount of strontium in the earth's topsoil would be 1/100 MPC, which when it reached humans would constitute less than 1/1000 of the maximum permissible concentration considered as possibly harmful.

But the super-bomb's strontium actually is not the villain it seems to be. Exploded high in the heavens, it disappears mostly into the stratosphere, where it may remain suspended for decades. By the time it reaches the land or ocean it is so dispersed that its harmfulness is negligible. Atomic projectiles and torpedoes, against which no clamor is raised, are detonated on or close to the ground and contaminate the surroundings indefinitely.

The British Medical Council recently sent to Parliament a report on *Hazards to Man of Nuclear and Allied Radiations,* which says:

"From bombs exploded up to the present time the population of this country [England] may expect to receive, over the next 50 years, additional radiation amounting to between 0.02 and 0.04 per cent of the radiation which will be received from natural sources. . . . If the firing of bombs were to continue indefinitely at the same rate as over the past few years [officials believe there will be fewer rather than more experiments], radioactivity would gradually accumulate to a level at which an inhabitant [of England] would receive an average dose of 0.026 roentgens over a period of 30 years, or less than one per cent of that which he would receive . . . from natural sources."

Natural sources of radioactivity, which constitute the remaining 99.96 per cent to which Britons are now exposed, are cosmic rays, naturally occurring radioactive elements, radium stocks in hospitals and dentists' and doctors' offices, and some four million illuminated watch and clock dials in Great Britain. These timepieces alone, the report thought fit to point out, account for upward of one per cent of the radiation to which Englishmen are exposed every year. Atomic bomb tests contributed 4/100 of one per cent at the most.

IF radiation dangers are real, and should be avoided, then we should curtail or abolish all agencies which produce radioactive by-products. And something should be done about exposure to the sun!

Radiation can be disastrous, of course. The (U.S.) National Academy of Sciences in a report on *The Biological Effects of Atomic Radiation* (1956) says frankly that a *substantial* increase of radioactivity *could* have profound effects on all forms of life. But the report further states, "It is conceivable that enough such weapons exploded in an all-out war might render the entire earth, or large parts of it, uninhabitable."

Radiation dangers from weapon tests pale when the report deals with the potential hazards of the peaceful exploitation of atomic energy. Looking ahead, the Committee on Disposal of Atomic Wastes warns that "when world-wide atomic power industry becomes fully developed, its accumulated waste products might represent more radiation than would be released in an atomic war."

The scientists estimate that by 1956 U. S. reactors alone will be producing more than 20 pounds of fission products per day—an equivalent of tens of tons of radium; by 1980 accumulated solutions from radioactive wastes may amount to 200 million gallons, by 1990 to 600 million gallons, and by the year 2000 around 2½ billion gallons.

If one is inclined to worry, this Frankenstein specter could give cause for pause. To dispose effectively of two billion gallons of deadly radioactive materials staggers even the imagination of scientists! Against it the problem of radioactivity from a few megaton bombs fades out like an invisible star in the Milky Way.

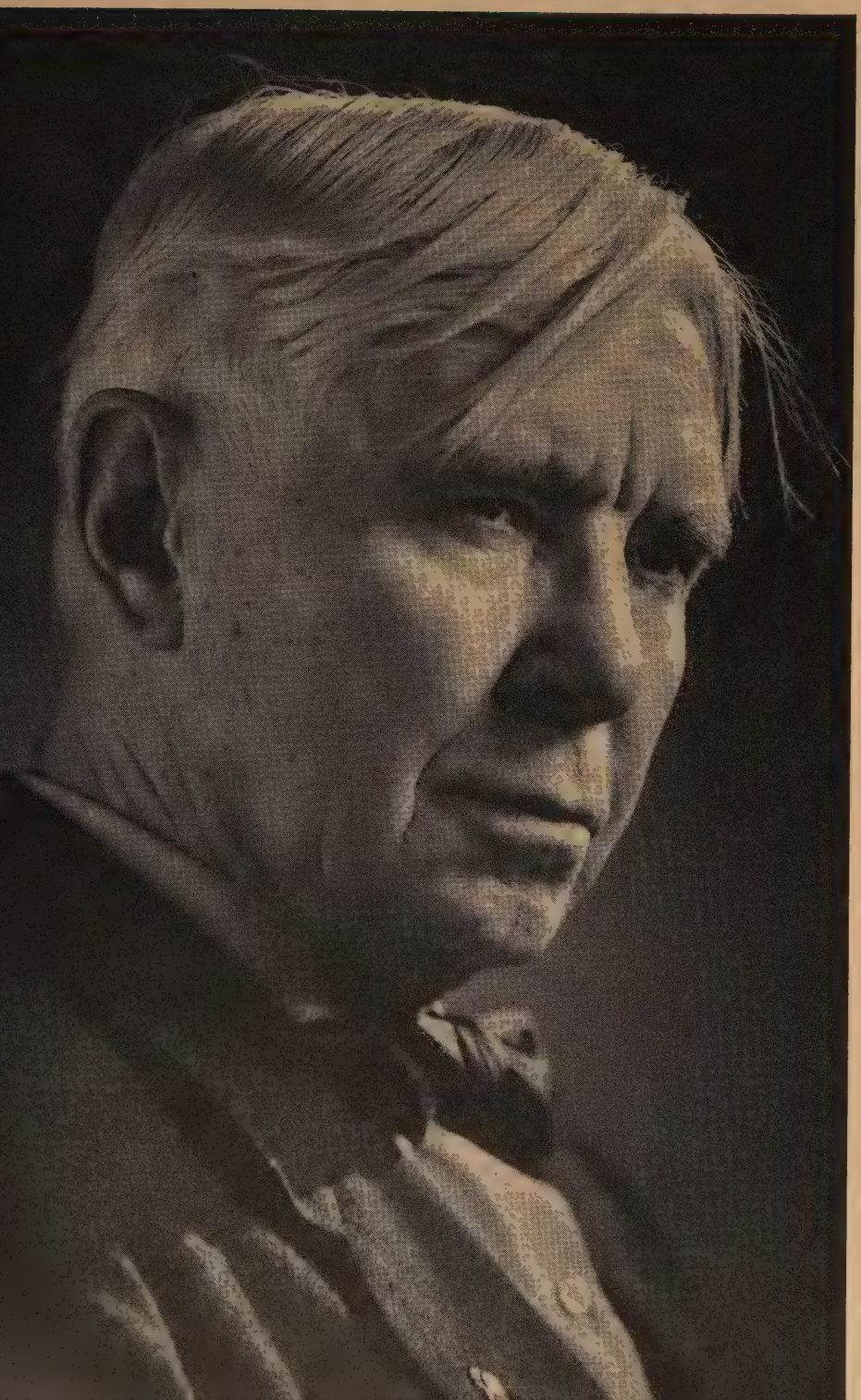
Anti-bombists err when they assume that the only objective of bomb tests is to produce bigger and bigger bombs. Already there are few targets for weapons that carry a wallop reckoned in millions of tons of TNT.

Tests being made are to improve upon design, adaptability and manageability of existing thermonuclear weapons. Through experimentation scientists strive to learn not only what atomic forces will do but will *not* do.

Results of such tests should contribute invaluable knowledge for peaceful atomic energy uses. The strides made in improving atomic weapons since Hiroshima, 11 years ago, have been tremendous. Developments of the near future may well be spectacular—and thought-provoking to potential disturbers of the peace.

America's H-bomb test policy now lays emphasis on numbers, variety, striking power and usability. As long as we live in a world without universal disarmament, any other policy would be an invitation to disaster. Instead of railing at it, anti-H-bombists should bend their efforts toward bringing about abolishment of war itself which, when achieved, will make the question of atomic bomb tests and armaments academic.

Consolation



Rough-hewn verse with tang of America's Midwest is characteristic of Carl Sandburg. Born in Illinois, the son of a Swedish blacksmith, he left school at 13, soldiered in '98, and newspapered in Chicago where he started his monumental biography of Lincoln. . . . The picture above shows Sculptress Alice Littig Siems finishing a head. Cast in bronze, it will be given to the poet, now 78, at a dinner in Chicago sponsored by the magazine Poetry, *November 18.*

Sonata

These poplars dream,
still or shaken they dream:
they never come out of it:
to this dreaminess they are born

Consecration is a flower,
also it is many vegetables
or again it is neither,
not a flame of rose seen
nor a new potato eaten:
it is one tumbling moment
flowing over from a bowl
of many earlier moments.

In all prisons are keepsakes:
prisoners live on memories—
their forgottens are gone—
out and out they sift them,
pick, choose, save these those,
leaving keepsakes to count:
this happens in all prisons

To live big is good:
to deny much is good too.
You would have a bag of gold:
you might ask a sack of peanuts.
Be full, not so full, go hungry,
Life is all time yes no yes no

Kiss the faint bronze
of this garment of the sun.
Kiss the hem of this spun fire
brought from a smoldering,
leafed out in handspreads,
two four five handspreads.

The sun burns its gold
and this to you
is home and mother.

The night frames its stars
and this to you
is a book and prayers.

—Carl Sandburg

The crowd saluted some 20 oldsters over 75 who assembled proudly in the churchyard. The dean was John Smathers, 97 (below). Another member of the clan, Cynthia Smathers, age 5, eats while others drink coffee Bob Gossett has made each year since 1906.

I thought I'd been retired at 28

By LUCY EATON ELLIS

TWO PEOPLE walked into my room one night recently. Neither had a head. They were followed by a man. He had two heads.

Everybody laughed as the grotesque parade continued. No one laughed harder than the paralyzed woman in the bed. She had arranged the Halloween masquerade party as she has arranged many similar occasions in recent years.

I am the paralyzed woman. Except for my mind and left arm, my body is useless. Since I was 28, I have been as much a prisoner of my bed as if the world had snapped steel bars around me in my home at Wethersfield, Connecticut.

It has been several years since the doctors said: "We can offer no hope that you will regain the use of your body." They were right.

When I came home from the hospital, I faced despondency and hopeless despair. Perhaps you have seen similar cases—people who shun the world in sullen acceptance of their disability, people who vegetate in lonely uselessness?

I didn't want this to happen to me. Most of all, I didn't want it to happen to my home and a loving husband. So I refused to retire at 28. My husband and I worked together to solve the problem, but it was up to me to take the lead—to find the solution within myself.

Perhaps I'm fortunate. I have a faith that comes from long association with The First Methodist Church in Hartford, Connecticut. Paralysis, I found, hadn't taken that faith away. It was there when I called upon it for help.

Though I was unable to attend church services, I decided to continue taking a part in church life. Thanks to the telephone, I could do this. As head of the church telephone committee, I have reached hundreds of people. Sometimes now, it seems, my own home serves as a church. Occasions of all kinds take place here—weddings, receptions, showers, even baptisms.

The telephone helps in many other ways. I can reach out into the homes of thousands to take part in nearly every one of the many activities that occupied my younger years. I suppose I have talked to many thousands of people since paralysis struck my nervous system.

The recent masquerade party at my home is typical of the scores of events I have arranged, not only at my home but throughout our beautiful little town.

I even take part in the silver anniversary parties around town. Here's how I do it:

I get a close friend to take the couple out to dinner. Meanwhile, other friends go to their home. When the guests of honor return, they find a beautiful table awaiting them—and around this table is an assembly of friends and well wishers. Usually, the Friendship Tree is there also. It is a live shrub in a white container. To the limbs of this tree each person has attached a silver dollar wrapped in tinfoil.

Community work, parties, church and children—all of these interests I have been able to pursue from my bed. I didn't realize what one could do before I found myself with the desire to occupy my time more fully.

Once a young man came to my home. "There are no Cub Scouts in our section of town," he explained. "I'd like to start a group. I need help in getting the den mothers and finding a place to hold committee meetings. We'll need someone to keep records, order badges and register the boys."

Could I help?

With the battery of telephones at my side, I seemed the natural choice for this important job. I jumped at the chance.

That was several years ago, but I haven't lost my interest in the Cub Scouts of Wethersfield. Hundreds of Cub Scouts have been to my home. With the curiosity of small boys, they take great interest in the tiger skin they find in the hall. I tell them the tiger was shot by my brother.

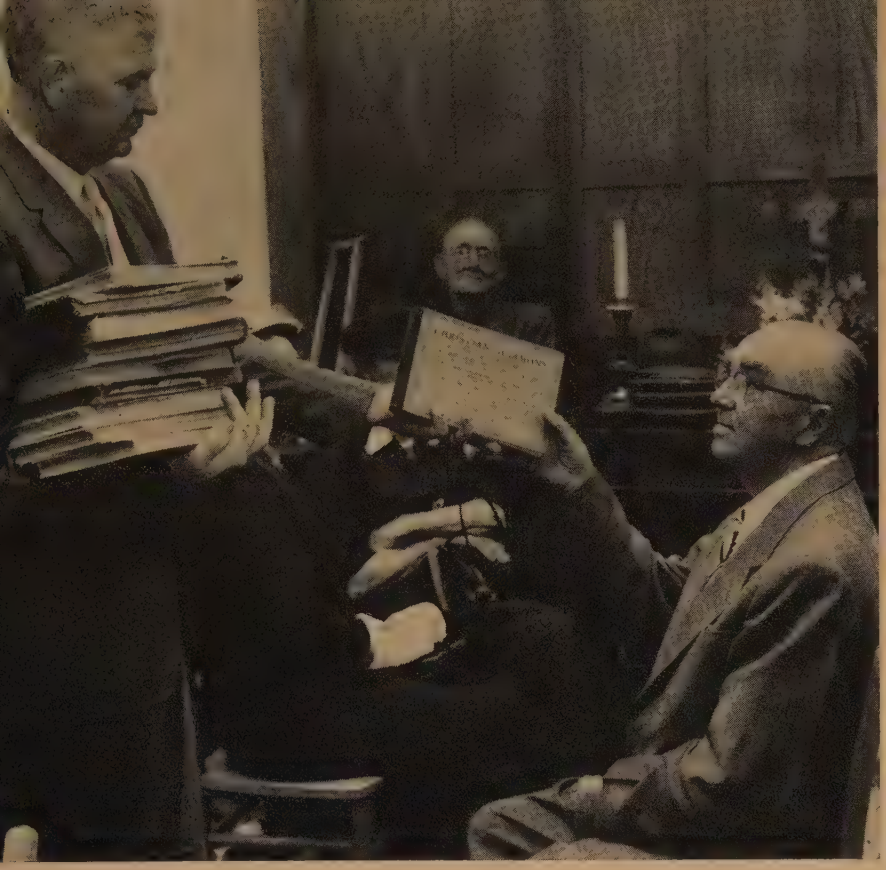
Among other things, I volunteered as town service chairman to work with the Girl Scouts of the community. For several years this has given me the chance to find "pet projects" for the girls—projects such as making favors or gifts for our blind institute, the hospitals and the old people's homes. Only last year I helped a children's hospital in England. The children had requested stamps to sort and sell.

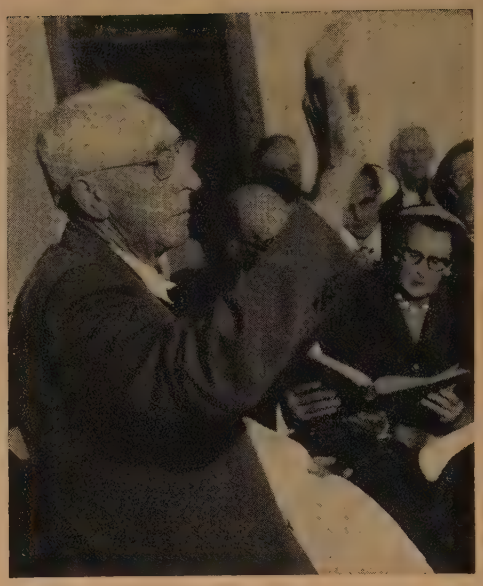
This project, as well as the making of many kits for Korea, teaches our girls a lesson in international friendship. It is, I think, one more important step in learning to live together in the world of today.

My interest in children extends to a regular summer story hour with the 9- to 12-year-olds in the neighborhood. On an average, about 30 come to each of these daily sessions.

With time to think, I have come to realize just how much I love my town and how important each citizen's contribution can be to the welfare of his community. During World War II,

When the doctors said "Your case is hopeless," the author found a new life serving others through church and community groups in her town.

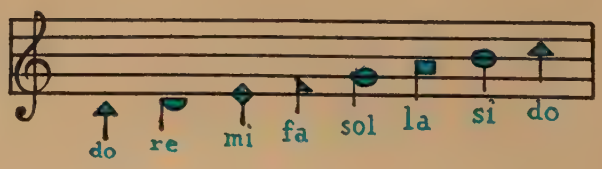




From treasured songbooks

In the Great Smokies

The Buckwheat-Note Tradition Lives On



ENGLISH and Scotch pioneers, filtering into the Great Smokies of North Carolina and Tennessee almost two centuries ago, brought axes, rifles and Bibles. But song was in their hearts.

They loved to sing. And with John Wesley they thought it a pity the devil had all the good tunes. So they put heart-warming religious words to old-country songs—some naughty ballads dating back to the days of Shakespeare and Good Queen Bess.

Itinerant preachers soon came, their saddle bags bulging with tracts and songbooks. To help mountain folk read music, some ingenious scholar had invented visually recognizable notes. "Buckwheat" notes, they were called, because some of their shapes reminded singers of buckwheat kernels.

Fa-so-la singing soon swept the mountains, popularized by roaming singing masters. One still fondly remembered, though he died almost a hundred years ago, was William Walker, known everywhere as "Singing Billy."

Many of the long narrow songbooks he and other mountain troubadours distributed are still treasured in homes of the Great Smokies. Television and modern ways have come, of course, and it may be difficult for visitors to distinguish the modern mountaineer from his city cousin. But buckwheat or fa-so-la singing remains a living and cherished tradition in the coves and valleys of North Carolina and Tennessee—and even farther west in the Arkansas-Missouri Ozarks and along the Mississippi River bottom lands.

Tourists hastening to Palm Beach or New Orleans are unaware of it, but fa-so-la singing still flourishes. To discover this rich store of Americana, one has to tarry a while and inquire when and where the fa-so-la sings will be held.

Typical is the one at Old Folks Day at the Morning Star Methodist Church in charming Dutch Cove, off the main roads, near Asheville, N. C., only a few miles from Lake Junaluska, seat of the World Methodist Council. Here on the second Sunday of September, families assemble to listen to preaching, to eat a picnic dinner, and to sing!

Almost a thousand mountain people—ranging from babes-in-arms to 97-year-old John Smathers—were on hand this year to enjoy this year's fa-so-la sing, just as their God-fearing ancestors did a century ago.

the choir leader and a quartet of mountain fa-so-la singers read shaped-notes of long ago.

Youngsters in Dutch Cove are carrying on the Old Folks Day tradition begun a century ago by Morning Star Methodists.

The Rev. Mills Anderson of Mission, Kansas, says grace before one thousand homecomers enjoy dinner-on-the-grounds—shown on next page.

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio and Film Commission

Ambassador's Daughter (United Artists) ***Adult*** (—).

Olivia de Havilland is the daughter of the U. S. Ambassador to France. To prove to a visiting Congressman that Paris should not be declared off-limits to soldiers, she tests the behavior of a typical GI by assuming the role of a working girl and showing him the town.

Back From Eternity (RKO) ***Adult*** (+) ***Youth*** (+).

A transport crash-lands in a South American valley and the passengers find themselves in a grim race against time. A tribe of head-hunting savages menaces Robert Ryan, Anita Ekberg, Rod Steiger, and an excellent supporting cast.

Bad Seed (Warner Bros.) ***Adult*** (—).

A twelve-year-old girl commits three murders in this terrifying movie which denies the theological concept that man is created in God's image. This motion picture also maintains that some children are born killers, immune to reform.

Bus Stop (20th Century-Fox) ***Adult*** (—).

Marilyn Monroe plays the character of a cheap beer-hall floosie. An exuberant cowboy, who woos her relentlessly, is Don Murray, a young actor appearing in his first major role. Some of the acting is of high order, but neither character seems to take on essential reality.

Cash on Delivery (RKO) ***Adult*** (+) ***Youth*** (+).

Shelley Winters and cast engage in a laughable race with the stork.

War and Peace (Paramount) ***Adult*** (+) ***Youth*** (+).

One of the great motion pictures of all time! A stupendous spectacle recounting Napoleon's invasion of Russia, the sacking of Moscow, the disastrous retreat and final defeat. It is based on the 600,000-word Tolstoy classic, compressed into three and a half hours of film. Audrey Hepburn is outstanding as a selfish girl, just coming to maturity, who loves first Mel Ferrer, and later, Henry Fonda. Here is a movie that shows man's undying courage in the face of his ultimate disaster, which is war.

First Traveling Saleslady (RKO) ***Family*** (+).

Ginger Rogers returns to the screen in an average grade comedy about a corset factory.

High Society (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) ***Adult*** (—).

Grace Kelly plays the part of a prudish woman who mellows into a human being with the help of Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra, cast as a news photographer. The ship of marriage floats on a sea of champagne in this picture, and the whole thing is a sad waste of talent and money—both invested lavishly by the producers.

John and Julie (Dominant Pictures) ***Family*** (+).

A young girl goes to London during the coronation to prove that the queen wears her crown at all times. A fair comedy ensues.

Run for the Sun (United Artists) ***Adult*** (+) ***Youth*** (+).

Richard Widmark is a gifted novelist who has given up his writing and buried himself in a South American fishing village after the death of his wife. With Jane Greer, a magazine reporter, Widmark stumbles into a jungle settlement where Nazi refugees take them prisoner.

Walk the Proud Land (Universal) ***Family*** (+).

The true story of John Clum, Indian agent on the Apache Reservation back in 1874. Audie Murphy plays the role of Clum, who believes that the Indians should be treated with respect. He clashes with U. S. Army officers and hotheaded Indian braves who are anxious to slaughter each other without mercy.

I served as a telephone clearinghouse for a volunteer ambulance service organized by men of the town. Often, in the dead of night, I would hear the wail of a siren and know my work might be responsible, indirectly, for the saving of a human life.

Who knows but what more mournful and menacing sirens may sound over the towns of America, unless permanent peace is assured? That is why I am looking for a role to play in civil defense.

Once I entertained members of a summer stock company from the next town. With that many actors and actresses, you can be sure there was plenty of entertainment. But entertainment by professional or semi-professional actors is no more fun at our house than a group of friends gathered around the piano for some old-fashioned harmonizing.

Most of my time is devoted to more serious things, however. Many hours go to soliciting blood donors for the Red Cross or playing my part in community fund drives. My part in this wonderful work means spending hours with telephone lists making appointments for other people to give. I may call 50 persons before I get a donor, but the warm feeling of accomplishment makes up for the futile calls.

A paralyzed woman can play no part in house-to-house soliciting for important fund drives in the community—but once again I found my sphere in phone-to-phone canvassing. As captain of a district, I could get workers to canvass the houses. One year I put on the cancer drive for the town, and we went far over the quota. For years I have done this type of work for the Community Chest.

While I can't visit friends in their homes, I find writing letters a good substitute. I learned to write again with my left hand. This story is being written on a typewriter.

So we have solved the problem that threatened to turn a home into a place of gloom, an abode of retirement for a woman of 28. I say "we," because through it all my husband has remained the most wonderful man in the world. We worked together to bring myself out of retirement. He has been nurse, chief cook and dish washer while occupying his regular position at an insurance company. As a result of our planning, his steps are few and home work at a minimum. Because of that, we find living together by ourselves most enjoyable.

People drop in often. Perhaps you, too, will drop by some one of these days. The welcome mat is always out at our house.

If My Daughter Should Want to

MARRY A CATHOLIC

by
Bishop H. Clifford Northcott

"I would not doubt her love for him, but I do not think I could admit love was the only thing which mattered. . . ."

IF MY daughter should want to marry a Roman Catholic, there are some things I would not do. One of them would be to tell her she couldn't.

I know, and so does she, that that is not the problem. I would not fool myself into thinking that my daughter is immune to dulcet love tones and to the winsome logic of an upright, persuasive, fine-appearing boy who all his life had known nothing in religious matters but the Roman Catholic position.

My daughter is not superior to the daughters of others I have known who have shocked their parents by such action. But if she should ever want to marry a Roman Catholic, there are some things that I hope she will know and know thoroughly.

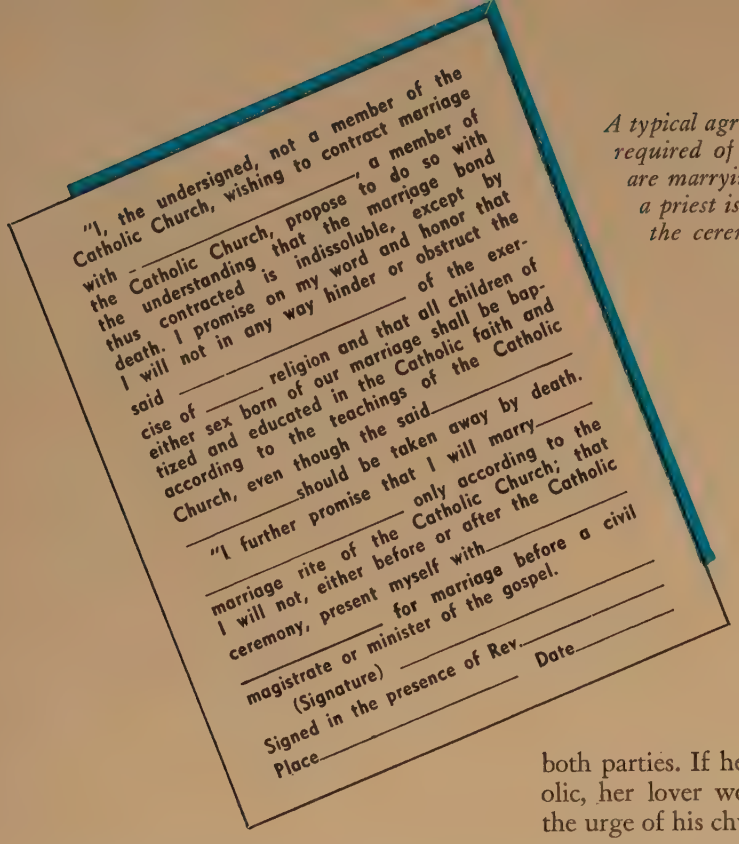
First of all, I would like her to know that while we have always had some delightful Roman Catholic friends, their attitude toward marriage is different from that which we have held. As true Catholics, they hold that the sacrament of marriage can be solemnized only by an officer of the church, the priest. As Catholics, they believe that there is only one true Church—the Roman Catholic Church. Every Roman Catholic is taught this from infancy.

If my daughter should listen to some Roman Catholics, she might be confused into thinking that when her father and mother were married by a Protestant clergyman, out in Kansas, although it was legally sound, the ceremony did not have the rich spiritual significance and authority it would have had if it had been a Roman Catholic wedding. When she thought this fact over, I do not think she would admit that any Church or church official has an exclusive claim to God's favor.

I would like to have my daughter know that her father appreciates the emphasis the Roman Catholic Church has given to permanence in marriage. But there is a difference in the concept held by Catholics and non-Catholics; for marriage to the Roman Catholic is a sacrament—a mystery in which a miracle takes place. In it by a strange, supernatural operation, two persons are made one and are forever joined.

"Now daughter," I would say to her, "I hope that your mother and I have never caused you to feel that by our Protestant union we have had any less sacred or devout attitude toward our lives together. Neither of us, however, has ever been conscious that any miracle took place at the altar framed by Kansas daises where we knelt together, for you know full well that your father and mother are still two distinct personalities, united by mutual love."

If my daughter should want to marry a Roman Catholic, I would not doubt her love for him, but I do not think I could admit that love was the only thing which mattered. I am not sure she realizes that if her husband were to feel truly married,



"I, the undersigned, not a member of the Catholic Church, wishing to contract marriage with _____, a member of the Catholic Church, propose to do so with the understanding that the marriage bond thus contracted is indissoluble, except by death. I promise on my word and honor that I will not in any way hinder or obstruct the exercise of _____ religion and that all children of either sex born of our marriage shall be baptized and educated in the Catholic faith and according to the teachings of the Catholic Church, even though the said _____ should be taken away by death.

"I further promise that I will marry _____ only according to the marriage rite of the Catholic Church; that I will not, either before or after the Catholic ceremony, present myself with _____ for marriage before a civil magistrate or minister of the gospel.

(Signature) _____

Signed in the presence of Rev. _____

Place _____ Date _____

A typical agreement required of non-Catholics who are marrying Catholics—if a priest is to perform the ceremony.

they would have to be married by the priest. She has some hazy idea, I know, that when a Catholic proposes to marry a non-Catholic, the non-Catholic is expected to go to the priest to learn something about the Roman Catholic Church.

In the course of her visit or visits with the priest she would eventually be handed a paper on which was printed an antenuptial agreement, the like of which she would never have seen before. The priest would ask her to sign it and would tell her that, unless she did, he could have no part in the solemnization of their vows. The agreement might have slight changes, but it would be essentially like that reproduced in this article.

I might also add that if we lived in Virginia, a further pledge would be required: "That I will not interfere in the least with the free exercise of the Catholic party's religion and that I will lead a married life in conformity with the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church regarding artificial birth control, contraception, or so-called 'planned parenthood,' realizing fully that these practices are against the natural and divine law."

She should have known of this demand, of course, before love grew too intense; for, coming as it does at such a crucial moment, it becomes a form of coercion that is unfair to both parties. If he were a true Catholic, her lover would also be under the urge of his church to do all in his power to convert her to the Roman Catholic faith. I might suggest to my daughter that fairness would indicate that she have a similar right and she do all in her power to convince her lover of the beauty, power, and reasonableness of her Protestant faith.

If my daughter should want to marry a Catholic, I would like her to know that Catholic priests and Protestant clergymen agree that a mixed marriage is a hazard and requires serious psychological adjustments. It would be untrue to say that there are no successful mixed marriages, for all of us know of at least a few cases that appear to be working out fairly well.

Such cases, however, demand extra strength of character, extra patience, and more adjustment than appears on the surface. The Roman Catholic Church holds the right to dictate even the most intimate details of family life. My daughter ought to know that.

When we think of making adjustments, I should like my daughter to think of the relationship of his family and of hers. There would be no common religious loyalty like that which would naturally exist if she married a boy from most any branch of the Protestant faith.

A girl from a loyal Protestant home who marries a Roman Catholic thrusts upon members of both families a relationship that is often extremely hard for them to receive. It is natural for a girl to want the members of her family to share in her love for the man of her choice. There is a sense—whether it is right or not—that when she marries, she marries not only the man, but his family as well, for better or for worse.

That daughter of mine should know that the Canon Law of the Roman Catholic Church provides that when a Catholic marries a non-Catholic, the Catholic should continue to seek to convert the non-Catholic. Catholic authorities have been clear in pointing out that nothing should be done by a non-Catholic, even indirectly, to disturb the Catholic's faith.

She should know also that it is the understanding of Catholic authorities that any children born to them are to be baptized in the Roman Catholic Church, be taught their prayers, be brought up to attend mass, be prepared for confession, communion and confirmation—in other words, be so grounded in the Roman Catholic faith that it may be anticipated that they will continue steadfast in it.

There are, when all this is considered, four possibilities which my daughter might follow if she should consider marrying a Catholic.

First, she might observe a non-religious neutrality and be married outside the Catholic Church. But, generally, this means the fade-out of all religious faith. I would rather have her marry him in his church than to let that happen.

Second, she might compromise.

READER'S CHOICE

What magazine article or short story has been your favorite through the years? You will receive a check for $25 if your selection is used in "Reader's Choice." In event more than one reader selects the same story, the one with the earliest postmark will be the winner.

This article by Bishop Northcott was suggested by Mrs. Donald E. Struchen of Meadville, Pa. It first appeared in the *Christian Advocate* in April, 1945.

Each might follow the church of his choice and the children be divided between two faiths. This plan is a mighty difficult one to follow, as some tell me who have tried it.

Third, she might turn Catholic. She would find it difficult to start the practice of enforced confession to a priest and to accept without question the stated beliefs of any church, for she has been taught to cherish liberties of faith.

Fourth, that particular lover who so attracted her might unite with her in a Protestant church. If she could suggest that procedure to him, he might say that "Catholics never do that." But she must remember that, while it is true that some Protestants meet the demands of the Catholic Church and turn to that church, it is also true that many Catholics, in spite of the teaching of their church, have turned Protestant and have thereby united their homes and given them a better prospect for true happiness.

If, after knowing these facts, my daughter should choose to marry a Roman Catholic, I am going to have some hard adjustments to make, for I shall continue to cherish her love which has thus far blessed my life. In fairness, I would remind myself that I might have a hard time being reconciled to some Protestants whom she might select.

Nevertheless, I hope that she will realize now that, when people are loyal to interpretations of religious faith as different as are those of Catholics and non-Catholics, the issue should not be treated as superficial.

This problem of mixed marriages is not new. Authorities tell us that marriage, to be successful, needs unity of the highest order. True marriage is always an achievement of two souls, and religious unity is an invaluable asset to this achievement.

To my mind, the entire question is universally important. It concerns not only my daughter, but also every son and daughter who faces this problem. It challenges the teaching of every Protestant home that the children of such homes may realize the rich heritage of their own faith and that they neither quickly nor lightly forsake their religious liberties.

Reprints of this article are available at $2.25 per hundred. Write Reprint Editor, 740 Rush, Chicago 11.

Dr. Rall Answers Your Questions

Harris Franklin Rall
Professor Emeritus, Garrett Biblical Institute.

Q Which is the true Church?

That is the way the question in our title is usually put. Is it the Roman Catholic Church, the Orthodox Church, or Protestantism?

Let us go back to *New Testament* times for the answer. The Christian Church in *Acts* and in the *Epistles* of Paul was a very simple church when compared to our elaborate organizations today. It was a fellowship, not just an organization or institution. It was a fellowship of faith, the faith that God had come to men in Christ.

Wherever that faith is found today, we have a true church.

Q How did the differences come?

Long before Martin Luther nailed his 95 theses on the Wittenberg church door in 1517, there were divisions in the church.

One great section of the church, centering about Byzantium, or modern Istanbul, laid its stress on creeds. It taught that the believer did not need to understand those creeds or doctrines, but simply accept them and receive the sacraments. It was called—and still is called—the Orthodox Church.

The part of the church seated at Rome has emphasized authority and organization. It has looked upon the bishop of Rome as infallible teacher and ruler, and the sacraments as the necessary and certain means of salvation.

Q Are we coming together?

As between Catholics and Protestants, we must say "no." There are some changes in membership, but they are slight as compared to the size of these groups.

Dr. George Gallup's survey last year revealed that 96 per cent of adult Americans had not changed church affiliation or preference. The remaining 4 per cent who have shifted are: ex-Catholics now Protestants, 1,400,000; ex-Protestants now Catholics, 1,400,000; others, 1,000,000.

These figures should be considered in relation to the total for the various faiths: 68,000,000 Protestants; 22,000,000 Catholics; 3,000,000 Jews; and 3,000,000 others.

Thus, while the Protestant-to-Catholic and Catholic-to-Protestant trends seem to be the same numerically, statistics show that percentagewise more Catholics become Protestants than vice versa. If the contrary impression prevails, it must be largely due to the fact that more publicity is given to Protestant conversions to Catholicism than to those from Catholicism.

Rev. A. C. Hoover, Methodism's statistician, made an interesting sampling three years ago. The 647 Methodist ministers reporting had received 1,223 Catholic converts (607 men and 626 women) during the previous year. In the same year, these clergymen had furnished to 350 persons their membership papers so that they might join the Roman Catholic Church. The ratio was a bit less than four-to-one.

Whereas 88 per cent of the Methodists who became Catholics did so because of marriage; only 40 percent of the Catholics who became Methodists did so for that reason. But 59 per cent of the Catholic converts to Methodism cited a dissatisfaction with Catholic teachings.

About NORMAN ROCKWELL

by John L. Sherrill

RECENTLY THE *Saturday Evening Post* printed a collection of Norman Rockwell's most popular cover illustrations, then asked its readers to vote on which was the very best. Way out front was the picture of a little old lady, head bowed, hands folded, saying grace in a city lunchroom.

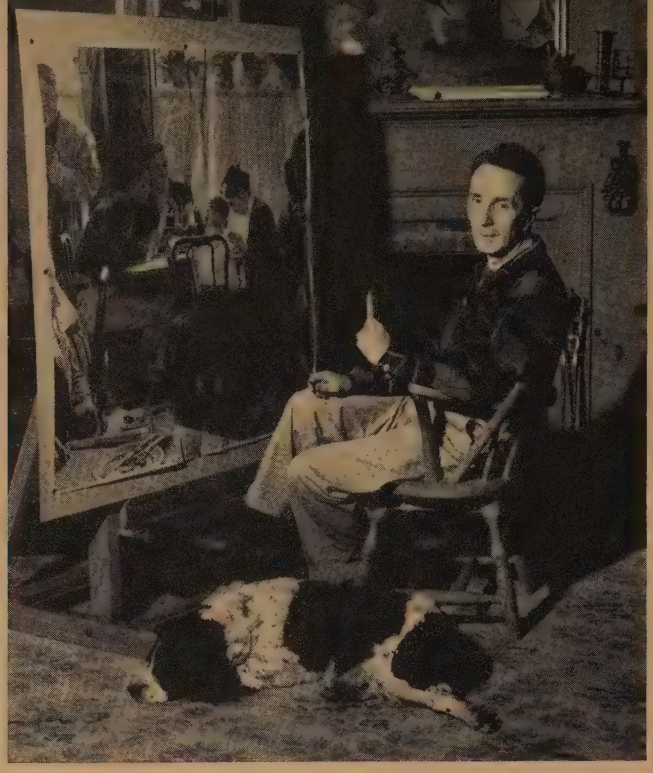
"I haven't gone to church in years," a woman wrote Norman Rockwell about the picture. "But when I saw this painting I saw myself in it—as I could be. I started attending again. I found courage and a new hope."

Virtually every day Norman Rockwell receives letters from people who read themselves into his pictures and write telling him so. One of the 2,000 canvases he has done in his forty-year career showed a simple, elderly woman looking out of an airplane window. She was having the time of her life. Weeks later Rockwell got a letter from a man who was stranded in Greece waiting to come back to the States. The only passage he could get was by air. "Frankly I was a little frightened," the man wrote. "Then I happened to see your painting of the lady taking her first airplane trip, and I decided that if she could enjoy an airplane, so could I. And I know I shall. These are wonderful people you paint about. You must enjoy knowing them."

Norman Rockwell does enjoy knowing the people who pose for him. They are not professional models; they are his neighbors in Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

"I choose my models from the people I know," Mr. Rockwell said recently, "because I think they are familiar looking, small-town people and I think others will sort of recognize them. I look out of my window and see the townspeople of Stockbridge passing below. I've got my studio right over the butcher shop. Sooner or later everyone in town comes by and I find just the right person for a particular scene."

It is typical of Rockwell to have his studio over a butcher shop instead of in some swank secluded by-way. The studio itself is at the top of a long flight of steps in a white frame building. There are no receptionists. Rockwell will answer the door himself if he isn't busy. If he is busy, he will call, "Come on in!" at the top of his voice and go on working. He might very well be down on his hands and knees cutting out a mat for one of his pictures. And always he will ask a visitor his opinion about the current painting.



In his studio, Rockwell finishes the Thanksgiving painting that appears on our inside front cover this month.

"Do you think this is quite right?" he will say and point to a part of the painting that puzzles him. "I'm not sure this idea comes across." Rockwell obviously enjoys his work as much as he enjoys living in a country town. His love for the country is interesting because he was born in the heart of the largest city in the world, New York. The Rockwells lived in a middle class neighborhood on the Upper West Side. Young Norman sang in the choir at nearby St. John's Episcopal Cathedral until his voice changed.

Rockwell had a fairly typical, city childhood, and he hated it. Once his father, who was a representative of a cotton goods firm, splurged and bought one of the new-fangled automobiles. From that day on, during the summer, Norman and his brother could count on getting away from town for a two-week vacation. The Rockwells always drove out to the country. Immediately the boys gathered together proud collections of turtles and tadpoles. But always came the day to head back to New York City. Each year the two boys sat in the back seat of the car and cried all the way home.

"Even our turtles died in the city," Rockwell recalls ruefully. "My heart was back in the country."

Later while living in a suburb, young Norman started to draw. Soon his illustrations began to show up in *St. Nicholas, Youth's Companion, American Boy,* and other magazines popular with young people of that day.

He was twenty-one and overwhelmed when he got $75 for his first cover sold to the *Saturday Evening Post.* It depicted a fancy-pants city boy pushing a baby carriage. Two other boys, in baseball togs, mimicked his airs with juvenile glee. That painting marked the start of his professional reputation.

"I stayed in suburban New Rochelle until I finally made the big jump and moved away from the city forever," Rockwell says. "At that time I moved up to Ar-

lington, Vermont, and it was like coming home again."

It was in Arlington that Rockwell began to use his neighbors as models. They were the people he passed daily on the street, met in the post office, in the country store. "I found that my new neighbors were perfect for my kind of work," Rockwell recalls. "Everyone knew all about everyone else and his grandfather. There wasn't any use pretending and as a result the faces in Arlington didn't have that veneer you so often find on city faces." When Rockwell was looking for the central figure for his painting of the Freedom of Religion, for example, he found her right in Arlington.

"I wanted someone whose face and hands expressed

Rockwell did this whimsical canvas when only 21.

an earthy, basic religion," Norman Rockwell said recently. "And I chose a little old lady by the name of Mrs. Harrington. She was perfect. She had lived most of her life on a Vermont farm. She had worked hard; she had struggled and suffered and her hands showed it. And yet her face told the story of her satisfying faith. Your face, you know, will tell your story every time.

"What you are inside shows in your face—especially in your eyes. It is especially difficult to paint people who have lost their faith. I could sketch their face, of course, but the inside glow that gives character would not be there."

Rockwell's own face tells his story too. It is a kindly face, thin and not without care-lines. Reporters have often pointed out that he is a typical, likable Rockwell character himself, and, in fact, his face has appeared in several of his paintings. Once, Rockwell had in mind a canvas showing gossips at work. He wanted to depict a tale passing from one person to another by showing just the faces of the gossipers at work. He was afraid he would hurt the feelings of his neighbors if he showed them as gossips. Then he got the idea of putting himself in the painting.

"My neighbors forgave me for making them out to be gossips," Mr. Rockwell says, pointing to the picture which now hangs in many ministers', druggists', social workers' offices. "They forgave me partly because I put myself in the picture, but also because I tried to show them in a kind light."

The fact that Norman Rockwell sees his subjects in a kindly light is, perhaps, the reason so many people read themselves into his paintings. You see yourself in his pictures and you have a feeling Norman Rockwell knows you and likes you. He knows all your hopes and disappointments and he knows your weaknesses too and still he likes you. To see a Norman Rockwell is to see yourself in a mirror and, for once, to like what you see.

Not only do Rockwell's characters often remind people of themselves, but his situations are familiar too. This is because many of Rockwell's situations are drawn from actual life, his own life. One of his most famous pictures is of a boy about to head off to college. There is a poignancy about the scene as the father and son sit down at the railroad station and wait for the train. They are seated on the running board of an old car and share a last word together. You feel that the father knows he can never have his boy back again. "Perhaps college will

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Of all the covers he has painted, Norman Rockwell was the "most engrossed" in this one recalling the day a teen-ager goes off to college, leaving behind a downcast Dad and dog.

even make the boy ashamed of the old man," Rockwell says. The father sits with an unlit cigarette and tries to capture this moment. But of course he can't. In minutes the train will come; the father will, only then, light his cigarette and turn quietly home.

"I have never had a picture that so engrosses me," wrote Norman Rockwell while he was working on the painting. Perhaps this was because he was just then sending his own son off to college and had recently lived through the experience featured in the canvas.

The Rockwells have three boys. Two are in college, the third is studying to be an artist. The boys have appeared in many of Rockwell's paintings, often as mere faces, or as minor characters, but occasionally as the central figure, as in the delightful "Inexperienced Traveler" where a mere youngster—Rockwell's son Peter—is seated alone in a dining car. The boy has his purse open, and it is clear that he has just finished counting his money and is now poring over the price column of the menu, as an amused Negro waiter looks on beside him.

Although his sons have appeared in perhaps more canvases than any other character, Rockwell's favorite model is a young girl from Arlington, Vermont. He painted her often before he moved to Stockbridge, two years ago. The young girl's name is Mary Whalen.

"I have a formula I use for seeing if new models will be any good," says Rockwell. "I ask them to raise their eyebrows. Not everybody can, you know, and when you can't it means your face isn't very expressive. Mary Whalen has one of the most expressive faces I have ever known. When her face is in repose it is almost sad. But when she smiles, the whole picture changes. That's why I chose her for a painting I was doing called *Young Lady with a Shiner*. It shows a tomboy—and Mary is certainly that—sitting outside the principal's office, all cut and dishevelled and with a beautiful shiner. But to tell the story of her attitude toward the fight she has just been in, I had to show a great, broad, satisfied smile on her face. Mary suited the needs perfectly."

Another face Norman Rockwell liked working on because of its expressive quality was that of President Eisenhower. Rockwell caught him when his face was at the height of its famous smile. Somehow he managed to turn Ike into a typical Rockwell character, almost pink-cheeked and carefree and unsuccessful.

It is interesting that Rockwell sees his people as "unsuccessful." He was once called the painter of the Common Man. "I don't like the phrase," Rockwell says, "unless by the Common Man is meant I don't paint gorgeous manicured blondes and superbly handsome, too-successful men. I don't know many such people and I really wouldn't want to. I wouldn't like them."

Rockwell has never painted a good picture of people he didn't like. Once an advertising agency commissioned him to paint a scene set in a suave, sophisticated country club. Rockwell tried, but he didn't enjoy the people he met at the club, and he didn't like the painting either. It is almost as if too much worldly success tended to cover up the quality of warmth that he looks for in depicting the Rockwell World.

And there is a Rockwell World. It is a place where humor and empathy and hope are the principle elements.

"I'm sometimes afraid I paint a sort of pollyanna picture of things," Rockwell says. "I hope it's not really pollyanna. I don't think anyone can become president just by being good and working hard. The people I paint have struggled and fought. They have cried too. They have been virtuous without any Horatio Alger rewards coming to them. I could paint pictures that showed the bitter side of their life.

"But that's not the point, really. These people haven't lived their lives on just that one disappointing level; they have lived in depth. And anyone who has lived deeply has learned to laugh as well as to cry. If there is one thing I have learned from the people who sit for me it is this: for all their struggles, they still know how to get fun out of life. You can see whatever you want in your fellow men. I choose to see them as men and women who can smile."

getting along Together

Two boys sat at a Rapid City drugstore soda fountain. One boy had a quarter and gloated as his companion, who had but a nickel, sipped a Coke. Presently a waitress tapped the latter boy on his shoulder.

"Young man," she said, "are you in luck! You're our hundredth customer today. That means you get a *double* hamburger on the house!"

After the boys left, my informant saw the waitress reach in her pocket, then ring up on the cash register a 25-cent sale.

—Warren Morrell, *Rapid City, South Dakota*

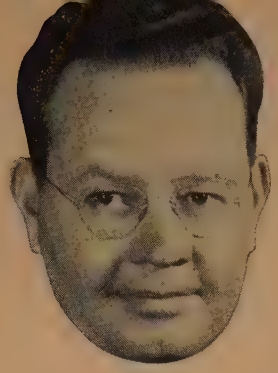
Alighting from a bus in a Northwest city, a woman caught her heel in the hem of her dress. After an unsuccessful search for a pin, she began to walk away with a section of the hem dangling, but another woman stopped her. She knelt and pinned the torn garment.

"I like to do things like that," she said. "When I do, it seems that someone always does something nice for me in a few hours."

—Jack Jonas, "The Rambler," *Washington (D. C.) Evening Star*

●

This column is for true tales of little deeds that illuminate the art of living. Let's have yours. If it's used, you'll soon receive a $5 check.—Eds.



"Dick" Richmond Barbour, Ph.D.

Teens Together

WITH AN EX-TEEN-AGER

Q *I AM a high-school girl of 16. My dad is a leader in our town. My mother died three years ago. I've grown up in The Methodist Church. Most of my fun has been with our church group —we've been together for years and years. Recently I've been dating an older boy who does not go to any church. He says my friends are "squares," that I should learn a little about drinking. I talked with my father. He said my faith was being tested. I'm mixed up. Could my boy-friend be right?—G. R.*

A I BELIEVE your new boy-friend is wrong. Drinking leads to trouble. The "glamor" of his more worldly crowd will not stand close inspection. I know such crowds well. "Fast" young folks usually lack emotional stability. They are ever so much more apt to get into trouble than you are, Gertrude.

You have reached the time of decision that all church young people reach eventually. Will you stay with your church group? Or leave it for a faster bunch?

The choice is yours. But I urge you to stay with your own gang. Invite your boy-friend to come to church with you. Have him talk with your minister. Be patient, friendly. In the end he may rebuff you. If so, let him go. Try to find another boy-friend within your own church organization.

Q *I AM a girl of 14. Most of my troubles are spelled, "D-A-D." I fight with my father. No matter what I want to do he always says "NO." He is principal of the school I'm in. He keeps telling me I must set a good example. Yesterday at school I had some make-up on and he ordered me to wash my face. I told him I wouldn't. He dragged me into his office and tried to clean my face for me. All the kids saw it. I felt awful; I've never been so mad. He thinks I'm all bad. Do you? I could go and live with a married sister who understands me. What do you think? —V. S.*

A OF COURSE I don't think you're "all bad." You're a mixture of goodness and badness. Aren't we all? Most teen-agers fight with their fathers occasionally. You seem to be overdoing it. Your dad should try to be more patient with you. You should try to be more patient with him. At least you should give each other credit for meaning well.

I suggest you try moving to your sister's for a few months. Ask her what she expects of you. Then do your best to live up to her expectations. You see, Virginia, you are in a period of rebellion. Take my word for it, your judgment isn't perfect. You still need guidance from a grownup. Try to work with your sister, not against her.

Q *ALTHOUGH I'M only 13, I'm the tallest girl in the whole school. I hate to go to parties with boys because I'm so much larger than they are. I stoop over when I stand, so I won't look so tall. My teachers make me sit at the back of the room so the other kids won't have to look over or around me. Both my parents are real big. They say I'll just have to wait until a tall boy comes along. What do you suggest?— L. B.*

A FIRST, remember that others aren't so conscious of your size as you are. You think about it all the time. They don't. Be careful not to mention your size. Don't do anything to call attention to it.

Have your mother help you pick your clothes. She knows how you feel. You shouldn't wear the flashy stripes some smaller girls can wear. Because of your size and development you probably can do well in sports. Have you tried swimming, basketball, softball, badminton or tennis? Don't stoop! Stand erect! Tall girls are attractive. Look at Grace Kelly. She is inches taller than her husband, but who cares?

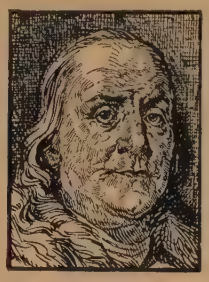
Q *I'M HAVING high-school homework troubles. My friends are too. Our teachers give us an awful lot of it. How can I improve my studying? —L. Y.*

A HIGH-SCHOOL homework has been investigated by experts. They say if you want to study efficiently you should try to: (1) Work in a quiet room where you won't be interrupted. (2) Follow a regular daily schedule, studying each subject the same time each day. (3) Read your textbook assignments twice. (First time fast to get the main ideas, second time slowly for details.) (4) Keep your notes systematically so you can find them when you need them. (5) Start term papers and long reports weeks before they're due. (6) Stay away from TV while studying. (A radio probably won't slow you up, but television will.)

Q *I'M A peagreen in high school this fall. I'm not doing so well and I got zeros in three classes last week. My folks want me to go to college because they both went. I tell them not to*

A Prayer

to make your own



Written by Benjamin Franklin, 1706—1790

O Powerful Goodness!
Bountiful Father!
Merciful Guide!
Increase in me that wisdom
which discovers my truest
interests; strengthen my
resolution to perform what
that wisdom dictates.

Accept
my kind offices
to Thy other children
as the only return
in my power for
Thy continual favors
to me.

Amen.

bother. If I can't make good grades now, how could I in college? My counselor says I have a good mind. Should I try college?—B. B.

A MAYBE YOU could do well in college, Bobby. It is too early to tell. Many new high school pupils have trouble with grades. It takes time to catch on to what the teachers want. As for studying, see my last answer on page 33.

College isn't too much harder for bright students than high school is. College students are older and more capable than high school students. Keep working hard in high, and college will take care of itself. Be sure and talk with your counselor about those low grades.

Q *MY BROTHER and I are having car trouble. We are twin boys. I am a better driver than he is. I started going steady before he did. I have a regular job and he doesn't, so I have more money to spend. I tell him that these facts give me the right to take the car on the nights I want it. There are plenty of other evenings he can use it. My parents never go out nights. We've had some real fights over this. Will you help me?—L. B.*

A AREN'T YOU asking too much? You want the car at your own terms, regardless of the others in the family. I don't believe they'll ever agree to that. Better save your money and get your own car. Until then you'll have to share equally with your brother. If you get the car for a date this Saturday night, he should have the right to it next Saturday. It might help if you'd double-date. Don't expect your parents to play favorites.

Is your brother really a reckless driver? In that case he should be sure to take driver-education class at your school. Do you have a good teen-age car club available? Maybe you both should join. Good car clubs teach safety and other important things.

Q *WHY DO papers print so much news about juvenile delinquents? I go to a big high school near the downtown part of our city. Kids of all varieties attend. If we have one fight at noon the reporters swarm around and it gets written up on page one. However, the same papers never tell of the good things we do. I don't call that fair. Do you?—S. Y.*

A IT ISN'T FAIR, but it is to be expected. A headline about a fight at the school will sell more papers. An announcement that your glee club is going to sing at a Rotary Club meeting won't. I've some friends in another high school who were upset by the same sort of stories you object to. They sent a delegation to the editor of one of the papers, asking him to print a series called "Juvenile Decency." He agreed. They helped him plan it. The good stories counter-balanced the bad. The same idea might work where you live. Will you try it?

Q *IS IT right for my girl's mother to make me come into the house for her every time we have a date? Her mom won't let her go unless I do.—S. F.*

A YES, her mother is right. Many parents make the same requirement.

Q *MY FATHER got an advance copy of* Together *and I read your column in it. Your advice about how to set deadlines for getting home after dates solved the worst problem we ever had at home. Thank you, Dr. Barbour! I live in Chicago. I see you live in California. I'd give anything to have you talk with my folks about our other problems. Do you ever visit Chicago? —M. B.*

A I THINK I have a better idea, Mary. Write to me about your problems. I do my best to give practical answers to common problems. Parents read this page as well as teen-agers. Your parents could too. Maybe I could help you that way, and other people as well.

NOTE TO TEEN-AGERS: *Richard Barbour, Ph.D. (Yale), heads the youth counseling department of the San Diego public school system. He also writes a newspaper column that is syndicated from coast to coast. If you have questions, write Dr. Barbour, c/o* Together, *740 Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. He will answer those of most general interest.* EDS.

Rich, aristocratic Lord Shaftesbury spent his life fighting for boys and girls who toiled like animals in the mines and mills and sooty chimneys of Great Britain.

He Saved the Children

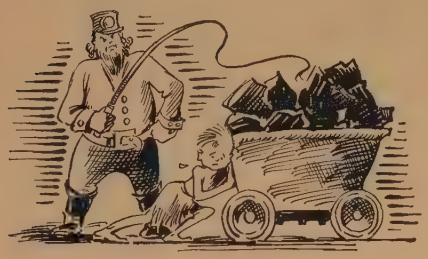
BY JOHN PREBBLE

IN THE AUTUMN sunlight of October 8, 1885, the body of Antony Ashley Cooper, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, was taken from his home in Grosvenor Square to Westminster Abbey. In the Abbey sat dignitaries and peers of the realm. The majority of them, the rich, the privileged, had hated and ridiculed Shaftesbury. If they now found him respectable in death, they came as if to grant forgiveness rather than ask it.

But outside, weeping crowds lined the pavements to Parliament Square. They were poor people: laborers, flower girls, ragged children from London's slums, textile workers from Lancashire and Yorkshire, miners from Durham and Wales, chimney sweeps, bootblacks, and costermongers. In the shadow of the Houses of Parliament thousands stood silently beneath banners that read: "A stranger and ye took me in," "Naked and ye clothed me." The ordinary people—the poor, whose hardships, Shaftesbury had said, "come between me and my rest"—took the solemn occasion away from the noble ladies and gentlemen and gave it a sincerity of their own.

Spontaneously, in grief and in gratitude, these people had come to honor the peer who had fought tirelessly against man's inhumanity to man. Speaking out years ago against

the appalling horrors in the mines and mills of England's Industrial Age, Shaftesbury had pushed reform legislation through Parliament. Small children had been freed from long hours of labor at factory looms. Women and children alike had been rescued from the black underworld of the coal mines. Shaftesbury, the aristocrat, had spent three-fourths of



his 84 years in the service of the oppressed.

The population of Britain had jumped from 11 million in 1800 to 18 million in 1850 when an industrial working class came into being. They lived like animals and were treated as such. Real childhood was unknown to them, for their parents' poverty drove most of them to work before they were 10. Of half a million factory operatives investigated in the 1830s almost half were under 18 and over half were females. They were crippled, poisoned, destroyed. In nine months the Manchester coroner held inquests concerning 225 children killed in factory accidents. Some factory owners housed their workers in barracks. It was common for 50 or more men and boys to sleep in an unventilated room about 18 feet by 13 feet. Most of them worked 16 hours a day or even more.

Over this pesthole was a polished and elegant veneer, the class to which Shaftesbury belonged. It knew nothing of the price Britain was paying for its economic ascendancy. Or, if it knew, it preferred to ignore and forget.

Shaftesbury's father, the sixth Earl, was a man stamped from the traditional die of the land-owning class. Even for that age he was a stern father and his son lived a bleak, loveless childhood. Yet he grew up to be a tall and handsome young man, looking like an amalgam of peer and poet, with thick Byronic hair and gentle eyes. Even in his old age he still walked erect, the noble lord, conscious of his ancestors and his conscience.

That conscience began to work while he was young. The mamas of London drawing rooms who regarded him as something of a flirt did not know that he went home at night and poured out his heart to his diary: "Why am I so weak and useless?"

Shaftesbury sat in the House of Commons as a Tory member; then, at the age of 50, he took his hereditary seat in the House of Lords. He fought for reforms against the bitter opposition of his own Tory party. "Appeal to the conscience," he once wrote, "and millions will follow."

Shaftesbury began his great work in 1832 when he was 31. He was asked if he would support a bill to prohibit employment of children under nine in factories, and to limit the work of those under 18 to ten hours a day. Many years were to go by before the passage of the Ten Hours Act in 1847. During those years Shaftesbury was its greatest protagonist. Yet when he was first asked to help, he did not know what to say. He asked his wife, Minny, whether he should thus commit political suicide. She said, "You must take up this fight for the children."

He took train and coach to the north of England to see the factories for himself. His gentle nature was appalled by the sight of children with crippled backs, swollen ankles, lacerated fingers, choking lungs. Overseers stood whip in hand behind rows of laboring girls and boys.

Others of his breeding might have fled from the hell he discovered. But he had found his cause. Never rich, he impoverished himself by dipping into his own pocket to help the helpless. One day he heard of a girl who, caught up by the unfenced machinery in a mill, had been horribly injured. Her employers had deducted 18 pence from her wages for the unexpired portion of the week.

It was Shaftesbury's first experience with this common custom, and he was deeply angered. He instructed his lawyers to bring suit on the girl's behalf, pursuing the case relentlessly until the mill was forced to pay damages and costs of 700 pounds. At another factory, when he asked to see workers who had been crippled by the machines, 80 deformed and broken men and women gathered in a courtyard. He promised them his unflagging help.

In Parliament year after year, he spoke with anguished firsthand knowledge of conditions in the "dark satanic mills." Reluctantly Parliament agreed to set up a committee of investigation. It found children of seven working from five in the morning until eight at night, with one break of 30 minutes at noon. To keep them awake there was an overseer, a boy told the committee, "kept on purpose to strap us." Children in the calico industry worked in temperatures of around 100 degrees for 16 hours a day. Sometimes they worked all night and were given snuff to keep them awake.

Slowly Shaftesbury realized that friends among his own class were not moved by appeals to their consciences. He once bitterly exclaimed that to them "cotton is everything, man is nothing." But they gave way before his years-long agitation for the Ten Hours Bill, not because he had convinced them, but because the fury of public opinion which he roused was irresistible.

Shaftesbury also fought for those

who slaved in the darkness of Britain's coal mines. He went down pit after pit, and saw naked men, women and young children crawling about in semi-darkness like brutes. He introduced a bill to stop mine owners from sending women and children into the mines. Many of his fellow peers were pit owners, and they turned on him in hatred. Lord Londonderry formed an organization of mine owners to fight Shaftesbury. He said 10 million pounds

were invested in the industry; why should it be jeopardized?

Shaftesbury threw the weight of his growing prestige behind an official commission of investigation. Its report, illustrated with horrifying drawings, confirmed everything he had said. Naked children of 10 crawled along dark passages two feet high, dragging trucks by chains attached to their wrists. They stood ankle-deep in water, working pumps 14 hours a day. Many pits employed children of five.

When Shaftesbury introduced his bill in the Commons, he spoke for two hours. "Is it not enough," he cried at the end, "to announce these things to an assembly of Christian men and British gentlemen? You may this night invigorate the hearts of thousands of your people, enable them to enter on the enjoyment of their inherited freedom."

Never before had a British Parliament been so moved to shame. Richard Cobden, who had hitherto opposed factory reform, crossed the floor of the House and grasped Shaftesbury's hand. The Commons passed the bill. It was later passed by the House of Lords, and so Shaftesbury saved women and children from death and mutilation underground.

Shaftesbury was ahead of his time in believing that criminals are more often produced by their environment than by their nature. He went bail for them often, financed them from his own money when they came out of prison, looked after their families. The thieves of London repaid him in an amusing manner. His watch was stolen one day when he visited a slum. He valued it highly and advertised the loss in the newspapers. Some days later two men alighted from a cab at his house and left a large canvas bag on the step. It contained the watch and the boy who had stolen it. An accompanying letter advised Shaftesbury to punish the thief. Instead he put the boy in school.

In the slums of London about half of the children were orphans or abandoned, and all seemed to live by crime. Shaftesbury visited lodging houses, saloons, brothels, rescuing children. He organized special schools, and training ships that gave the British Navy some of its finest seamen. He instigated emigration schemes that took children from the slums and enabled them to become worthwhile citizens of the Empire. To the end of their lives they wrote him, from Australia, Africa, Canada. Such were his efforts that, according to Prime Minister Lord Aberdeen, at least 300,000 London children were saved from lives of crime.

For nearly a century legislation had tried to stop the practice of sending little boys up chimneys to sweep them, but by the 1860s the number of children so used was actually on the increase. Wherever possible, Shaftesbury rescued individual children by buying them out from their masters, and year after year he attacked the system in the Commons, trying to force through a bill against it.

He formed the Climbing Boys' Society, using it to gather information on the filthy system. One case was reported of a boy of seven who had been forced into a hot flue at a chemical works. When he came out screaming and sobbing his master sent him back. When he rushed out again his master beat him until he died.

A master-sweep explained how a child's flesh had to be hardened before he was sent up the chimney: "This is done by rubbing it, chiefly on the elbows and knees, with the strongest brine, close to a hot fire. At first they will come back from their work with their arms and knees streaming with blood and the knees looking as if the caps had been pulled off."

Many years after Shaftesbury's death, when his name was mentioned at a public meeting, there was loud applause from a man at the back of the hall. He was asked what he knew of Shaftesbury.

"Why, sir, when I was a little 'un, I had to go up chimbleys, and many a time I've come down with bleeding knees and a'most choking. He passed the bill and saved us all that. *That's* what I know of Lord Shaftesbury, sir!"

What Lord Shaftesbury fought for is now achieved and past, yet his example remains. It is as if he had early decided to obey the motto of his ancient family. It reads simply: *Love, Serve.*

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
— JOHN WESLEY

A minister noted for his jollity was dining at a farmhome one Sunday, and when he received a plate heaped with roast chicken, commented jovially, "Here's one chicken that will enter the ministry."

"Hope it does better there than it did in lay work," rejoined the bright boy of the family.

—C. R. GAYLORD, *Alma Center, Wis.*

The president of a midwestern college let it be known that he wanted someone to supply a chair for his school's history department. A rancher in a neighboring state wrote that he was prepared to oblige.

Overjoyed, the president went in person to contact the donor-to-be.

"You go right ahead and get that chair," the rancher boomed heartily. "Get a cushion, too. A man can't do a job right if he stands up all day!"

—R. MARTIN MCBRIDE, *Nashville, Tenn.*

A Sunday-school teacher illustrated a lesson on faith with a freshly-grown peanut. In dismissing the group, the class president said, "It's been a real pleasure to find out what a nut could tell us." He then stammered, "I mean, we're glad we could learn something this morning from a simple nut."

—MRS. J. O. NICHOLS, *Pulaski, Va.*

When the archbishop of Canterbury was to inspect an orphanage, the superintendent instructed his charges how to address the primate of all England. "When you address the archbishop," he said, "you either say 'Your Grace' or 'My Lord.' "

The archbishop came and out in front stood one little fellow, who was awed by the flowing robes. "My boy, how old are you?" asked the kindly archbishop.

"My God," said the lad, "I'm ten."

—Told by BILLY GRAHAM, *Executives' Club, Chicago*

What's your favorite church-related chuckle? Send it in. If we share it through this column, we'll send you a $5 check.—EDS.

THANKSGIVING at Aunt Martha's

By HERMAN B. TEETER

WE ARE GOING to Aunt Martha's for Thanksgiving again this year. We will leave the city under the stars and come to the valley while the frost is still on the fields.

Long before we arrive, Aunt Martha will be at work in the kitchen. I know how it will be, because we have been there many Thanksgivings before.

Aunt Martha will be at work days before we arrive. She will go into the cellar for yellow sweet potatoes, big Irish potatoes, juicy red apples. She will go to the smokehouse and cut thick slabs of ham, bacon, and back strip. She will take two cloth sacks of smoked sausage to the kitchen. Then she will go to the barn to gather fresh eggs. She will carry two dozen big white and brown eggs in her apron.

We will all be together on Thanksgiving again. It was different last year. I ate Thanksgiving dinner in a small cafe in a noisy city. It was a lonely day with an icy drizzle coming down past flickering neon signs.

But this year Roy and his family are coming from Tulsa. Pat will drive in from the next county, loading the kids into the rear of his red mud-spattered pickup truck. Harley will be there with his new bride. Frank and Alice and their new baby will come from Chicago.

Aunt Martha will meet us at the gate. Her face will be shining. Uncle John will be standing in the open doorway. He will shout: "Come in! Come in!" as each of us arrives.

I know how it will be because I have been to the big, two-story frame house on other Thanksgivings. Some of us will walk across the land Uncle John has farmed for 40 years. Once we walked in the pine woods during the first snow of the season. It was the prettiest snow I have ever seen.

Some of us will go upstairs to Roy's room and look at the old pictures. A cold wind will be blowing down off the high hill, perhaps, and the great stone chimney will sing the song of many Thanksgiving days at Uncle John's and Aunt Martha's.

The rooms will be full of the old memories again. Uncle John and Aunt Martha cleared this land and built this house. They watched their sons and daughters grow up and go away, each leaving something of himself in the home . . . Roy, a basketball and a red and yellow school pennant; Alice, a silver cup won in a beauty contest; Harley, a well-thumbed little library of adventure books and the uniform of a U.S. Marine; Pat, the blue ribbons of a champion 4-H clubber.

From the kitchen window, Aunt Martha will look many times toward the top of the hill. She will be looking for Alice and Frank who have been driving all night from Chicago. It will be a year since Aunt Martha has seen Alice and Frank. She will be the first one out to their car, the first to cuddle the new baby in her arms.

We will walk in the clean air under the gnarled old apple trees in the orchard. We will take the path through yellow grass to the barn. Uncle John will lean against the fence, looking out across his land in the way a proud man always does.

Some of us will sit in front of the big fireplace and listen to the ticking of the old Seth Thomas on the mantle. Aunt Martha will come in from the kitchen many times, wiping her hands on her white apron, to look at the clock.

When it is 10:45 o'clock, we will all drive down a gravel road to the church. It is a small, white, clapboard church with a belfry—but there is no longer a bell there.

I hope Charles Franklin will be the preacher again this year. One year he stood in the rain to greet us when we arrived. He is a small man with a firm, warm hand and smiling eyes.

Aunt Martha and Uncle John will lead the way into the church. They will walk on the worn carpet, down the center aisle of the church, to the two long, curved benches near the pulpit. Uncle John's brown, hard-working hands will help Aunt Martha down the aisle. I will watch her face, smooth and shining and happy in a frame of silvery hair.

We will go back to the big frame house and gather around the Thanksgiving table. There will be laughter and talk about the wonders from Aunt Martha's kitchen. Feet will shuffle and chairs will scrape across the floor.

Uncle John will wait until all of us are seated. He will glance around the circle of faces. Then, in the silence, he will fold his hands on the table before him.

Uncle John always prays a special prayer on Thanksgiving. He gives thanks for the good year, for the good things of all the years.

"Thank you, dear Lord, for keeping us together through the years. Thank you, especially, for Martha."

And when Uncle John comes to Aunt Martha's name there is a different sound to his voice. It is a special sound. That is why Aunt Martha wipes her eyes on her apron and hurries back to the kitchen when the prayer is over.

Jennie Brownscombe's famous painting of the first Thanksgiving at Plymouth Colony hangs in the Museum of Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, Mass. The log cabin, however, is an anachronism. Such cabins were built later by the Swedes.

Thanksgiving Day

New England Where It Started

IN NEW ENGLAND, during the summer of 1621, the corn grew tall and heaven smiled down on Plymouth Colony. But during the dreadful winter just passed, almost half of the Mayflower's little band of Pilgrims had been killed by cold, starvation and disease.

The first Thanksgiving in America was set aside by Governor William Bradford for feasting, sermons, and prayers. Friendly Indians came from the forests, bringing wild turkey and deer meat.

By today's standards, New England was still an inhospitable land. To the east, the cold sea surged in forever, and to the west lay the far unknown.

But that winter also passed. In the years that followed, the custom of Thanksgiving spread from Plymouth into other parts of New England. But it was not until 1863, more than 200 years later, that Abraham Lincoln signed the proclamation for the first national Thanksgiving in America.

Thanksgiving no longer finds New England a forbidding land. Today it is an incomparable beauty spot, a land of industrious people—a land of many moods, some of which are reflected in the pages that follow.

The leaf-strewn surface of a Vermont stream mirrors a boatman, an old covered bridge, and a riot of New England's autumn color.

Rugged Vermont, locked by land from the bounty of the sea, pours a golden stream of maple sugar for the Thanksgiving tables of America. Getting syrup from sap of maple trees has been a festive winter specialty of New Englanders ever since they learned the art from friendly Indians.

The sea first carved the rugged coast line of New England, then nourished her sturdy people. Many who "went down to sea" in fishing boats and whaling ships were Bible-reading men. They carried faith, reverence and the spirit of Thanksgiving far beyond the sight of New England's white steeples.

Men who have faced the sea, from Pilgrim days until the present, are honored by an imposing statue in the quaint and colorful fishing village of Gloucester, Mass. The pilot stands at the wheel of his ship and seems to be gazing far out across the open sea.

In New England the snow comes early to rip crimson and gold from the autumn trees. Then the rolling hills and picturesque little towns sleep in a deep white. Wherever the New Englander has built his towns, there rises the tall steeple of a church. And on this Thanksgiving morning, as for centuries past, the church bells will call him to worship again.

At the 120-year-old Timothy Frost Methodist Church in Thetford Center, Vermont, ancient grave stones recall New England's past.

Many men have gone out from old Thetford Methodist Church to America's wars. One was the Rev. George Lansing Fox, who went to World War II. He died with three other chaplains—another Protestant, a Catholic and a Jew—after they had given their lifebelts to men aboard the sinking troopship Dorchester. Enlargement of stamp which immortalizes their sacrifice shows Mr. Fox at left.

The Methodist church at Plainfield, Vermont, throws a golden glow across the snow, calling folk to worship in the same spirit as their Pilgrim ancestors 300 years before. . . . This edifice is typical of the white churches that dot New England, seed-bed of Congregationalism in America.

Dallas Alcoholics Get Help From

THE GOOD SHEPHERD OF LOVERS LANE

By LEWIS HARRIS

ONE DAY back in 1942, a shabbily dressed man with stark despair etched on his face shuffled into the office of the associate pastor of Highland Park Methodist Church in Dallas. The derelict cried as he blurted out an anguished appeal for help from the young clergyman he found there.

The Rev. Thomas J. Shipp, newly named associate pastor after two years at the church as a student pastor, listened patiently to the alcoholic's tearful story. As he listened, he felt a great urge to help.

But Shipp had had no experience in this sort of counseling. So he turned to others for help.

"Everywhere it was the same," he recalls. "People either felt there was nothing that could be done for the man or they pointed out that there were no facilities for helping him."

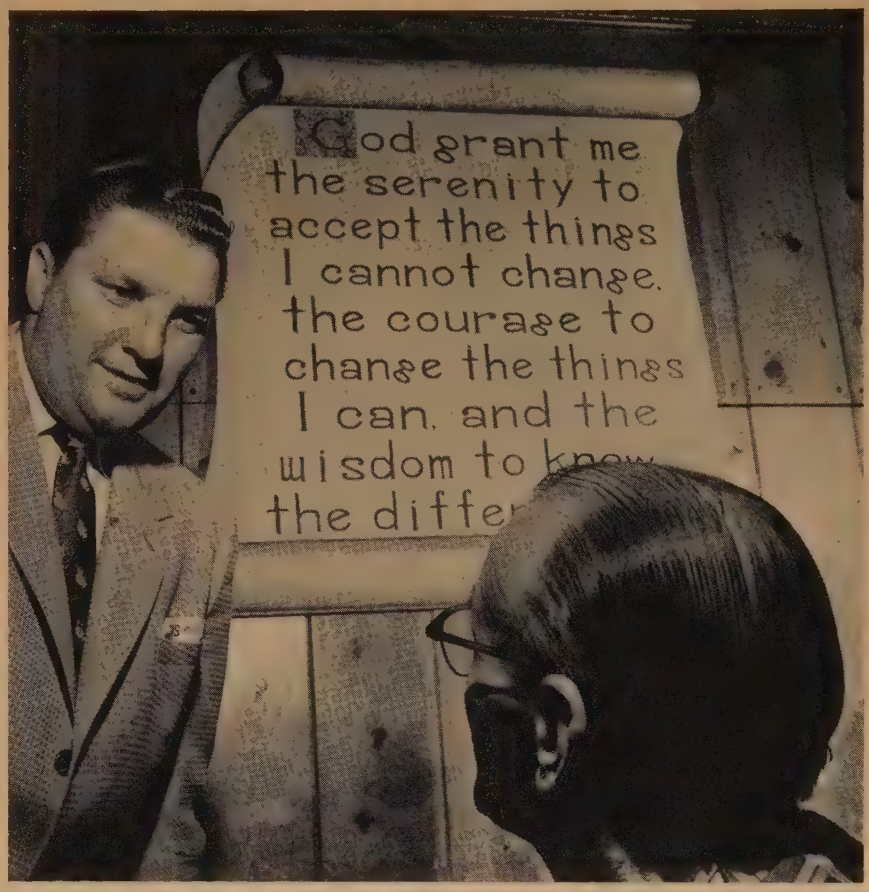
So Mr. Shipp took the alcoholic home, although his small house was hardly big enough for unexpected guests. He talked and counseled with the man and when word of his interest in alcoholics got around, Shipp was approached by other desperate down-and-outers.

At times the pastor had as many as three of them living in his home. His telephone would ring at all hours of the night and he'd awake to find a mumbling alcoholic pleading for help.

Overcome by compulsion for alcohol, one guest in the Shipp household sneaked into the bathroom and gulped down all the pastor's shaving lotion and Mrs. Shipp's perfume. Another grabbed a quart of shampoo and drank it. He was rushed to the hospital.

Another time, Mr. Shipp almost wound up pantsless; one patient pawned the pastor's suit for enough money to buy liquor.

But Shipp soon realized that his hit-or-miss technique of home treatment was not the answer to most alcoholics' complex problems. So he began an all-out drive to set up an Alcoholics Anonymous unit in Dallas and to help doctors and hospitals provide facilities for proper treatment of alcoholics.



Young Tom Shipp became a one-man Alcoholics Anonymous when he saw agony on the face of an alcoholic in 1942.

Today, much as a result of these personal efforts, Mr. Shipp has a great deal of help in his work with alcoholics. There is a large group of AAs who meet regularly in different places. Hospital facilities are now available and doctors are on call to help alcoholics anytime.

And Mr. Shipp works through his own church. He is pastor of the Lovers Lane Methodist Church of Dallas. Since he held the first meeting of the church in a small cottage that later became his home, the congregation has grown to more than 2,900. Construction has just begun on a new church addition needed to meet future growth.

Of the seven persons who joined the new church at the end of Mr. Shipp's living-room sermon in 1945, three were alcoholics. Sprinkled through the congregation now are 200 rehabilitated drinkers.

"If I were asked to name the ten leading persons of our congregation,"

The season's first snow adds frosty beauty to New England's autumn countryside.

Mr. Shipp comments, "several would be among the alcoholic group."

He explains that "when an alcoholic finds himself and joins a church, the redeemed man is likely to become a very vital Christian—a sparkplug in his church—financially and servicewise. The reason is that people saved from the depths of alcoholism have a vital appreciation of God's personal, saving grace."

Several reformed alcoholics have served on Mr. Shipp's official board and his various church committees. One rehabilitated drinker served a term as board chairman.

"In the beginning we kept our former alcoholics in a group, holding special activities for them," Pastor Shipp said. "But the tendency grew for the other members of the congregation to regard them as special.

"So the group broke up and individuals took their places in the congregation just as other members.

"Now they are accepted as individuals, and few persons know just who the former alcoholics are among us," the pastor said.

Once or twice a year, Mr. Shipp preaches on alcohol, drawing vivid word pictures of what it has done to his friends; of its cruel effects on home life; how it has ruined business success and personal happiness for millions.

"While the eventual aim with all alcoholics is to get them into the church," Mr. Shipp said, "I don't necessarily try to get them to join my church. If they have a church of their own—or if their family has a church—we try to direct them there for guidance."

As his church has grown, Mr. Shipp's pastoral and civic demands have increased to the point where he cannot give as much time to direct work with alcoholics as before.

He relies a good deal, now, on the AA groups and rehabilitated alcoholics of his own congregation. They do the original contact work, following up the many calls for help he still receives. The pastor arranges for someone to meet with the alcoholic and sponsor him for membership in an AA unit.

However, Mr. Shipp still insists on personally talking and counseling with the new cases at the first opportunity. A meeting is arranged with the pastor as soon as possible after the alcoholic joins the program, and Mr. Shipp follows through with other personal meetings when needed.

"We have begun to work as a pretty good team," he said, referring to the group of reformed alcoholics in his congregation.

Mr. Shipp praises the AA for its program and gives it a huge part of the credit for the success he has had in bringing back to a useful life a man seemingly hopelessly lost to drink.

MANY HUNDRED alcoholics have come to the pastor for help since that day in 1942 he became a friend to the shabbily dressed man with tears in his eyes.

Mr. Shipp's decision may well have grown from his own early life of misfortune. He was born in New Mexico, the son of a railroad superintendent. His mother died when he was three, and at six he was thrust upon his own when the Shipp family was separated.

After wandering from one farm job to another to earn his food, Tom Shipp and his younger brother, Bill, were reunited when Tom was nine. They found an empty hut outside the little village of Prairie Home, Missouri, and for three years went to school in the day and trapped and hunted for a living.

A civic club bought him a baseball suit and almost set him on a path to professional sports. Young Tom was so proud of the suit that he began to play baseball with a passion and eventually earned an athletic scholarship at Drury College in Springfield, Missouri. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Drury after discarding plans to become a doctor and choosing the ministry instead.

The following summer he married the former DeLois Sparling of Little Rock, Arkansas. They came to Dallas and he earned his divinity degree at the Perkins School of Theology, Southern Methodist University.

At 38, Mr. Shipp still has the rugged physical look and drive of an athlete. He bowls and plays golf, has a shelf of trophies to prove his proficiency.

The pastor now puts in an average day that includes two or three speeches, hospital visits and other routine chores of a preacher—as well as taking a hand in his alcoholic reform work. He also is a member of the executive committee of the Community Chest, president of the Dallas Council of Social Agencies, serves on the board of the Methodist Hospital and several other agencies.

In recognition of his tireless efforts in religious and civic work, the Dallas Junior Chamber of Commerce named him "Outstanding Young Man of Dallas" in 1952.

One man who has been connected with Mr. Shipp for a long time observed recently: "Tom Shipp will either kill himself by the time he is 40 working so hard, or he will be one of our greatest citizens."

A co-worker commented: "He is on everybody's level." Another said: "He will come to us wherever we are and give us help. We know we can depend on him."

In their despair, wives of alcoholics often come to Shipp's office for help.

Hobby Alley

STAMPS
FOR ALL THE FAMILY

By Albert C. Hoover

MY SON bought a new house last week. Nothing so unusual about that—except the down payment came from his stamp collection. Or, I should say, *our* stamp collection.

We began building it years ago, when he was a Cub Scout. On birthdays I used to bring him a new album, a set of stickers showing flags of many nations, or a series of stamps he especially wanted. I brought cancelled stamps home from the office, too. Many an evening we spent soaking them off the envelopes while Mother did the ironing.

Now, my grandchildren are coming along. They'll probably be stamp collectors too . . . like millions of other folks who enjoy America's second most popular hobby (only photography has a greater appeal).

You don't need any fancy equipment to get started . . . only a spirit of adventure and a little of the pack-rat instinct. Money isn't really important. A modest album for U. S. stamps costs only $2.50. Gummed hinges at 20 cents a package and some assorted small boxes are all you need at first. In fact, our family collection started without even an album! We found an old scrapbook and some paste and then rummaged around in our attic for old letters.

Later we bought more accessories—two leather-bound loose-leaf albums, tweezers, magnifying glasses, perforation gauges, catalogues, magazines.

There were good stamp stores in our city. But my boy, Al, answered magazine ads, and we received by mail a stream of "approvals," stamps of all shapes, sizes and colors from all the ends of the earth. Budgeting his allowance and paper-route earnings to buy these gaudy squares of paper taught Al his first lessons about handling money.

We always hoped we'd find a really rare stamp . . . like the English school boy back in 1873, who discovered a black-on-magenta stamp on an age-stained letter in his basement. He sold it for $1.50—and today this British Guiana issue of 1856 is valued at $100,000. It's the world's rarest stamp.

This thrill of discovery spurred us to explore lots of musty attics in the neighborhood. Al and I have poked through piles of old letters, looking at blurred postmarks and faded stamps. We never turned up any treasures, but we had lots of fun together!

The good old horsetrading instinct swelled our collection. Al quickly made friends with other young stamp fans. They spent happy hours haggling good-naturedly. Mother and I got many a chuckle listening to the teen-agers bargaining like auctioneers.

In the process, the kids—and we parents, too—learned a lot about our country. I'd forgotten General Pulaski and his contribution to our victory in the Revolutionary War. When we found a stamp honoring him, Al, then an insatible grade-schooler, shamed me into finding out why the Polish general was pictured on an American stamp.

We're sure that Al's good grades in

Interest in stamps spans the barrier of age making for a hobby that parents and children can enjoy together.

history and geography came from what he learned in identifying, trading, and studying stamps.

It's easy to keep an up-to-date collection of colorful, new, U. S. "commemoratives." You can make arrangements with your local post office to set aside sheets or blocks (four stamps) of each new issue.

Some people buy sheets of new stamps and put them away in vaults as an investment. One collector in a nearby city paid part of his daughter's college expenses by selling sheets he'd saved over the years.

You'll find that stamp collecting offers endless possibilities for following special whims and interests. We know of one man who collects stamps of only one color, and one collector with a morbid bent asked this dealer to send him stamps with scenes of death—monuments, ambulances, tombstones!

I remember that one boy in Al's high-school stamp club was a real baseball fan. He combined his two major interests by building a collection of postmarks of the home towns of Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and other diamond heroes.

Some men's and women's interest in religion finds expression in stamps. Rev. Clarence Seidenspinner, pastor of the First Methodist Church in Racine, Wis., started a world collection about five years ago. Today he has eight bulging albums. One contains stamps picturing the Madonna and Nativity scenes. Another is reserved for church and cathedral stamps.

A New York businessman, Philip H. Platzker, has one of the best groups of stamps showing the Bible and Bible scenes. (Oddly enough, nations of the world have issued fewer than 100 stamps illustrated with biblical scenes since the world's first postage stamp was printed by Great Britain in 1840.)

Our family has been stamp-minded for years, so we can offer some practical suggestions to help you and your youngsters get started:

1) *Go into it together!* Most of the fun comes when mom, dad, sis and brother plan and buy and sort and paste.

2) *Use your ingenuity.* If there's no stamp club in school, help your children start one. Look for ways to dramatize and tie the hobby to studies and the special interests of the kids—like the baseball-player postmark collection.

3) *Make it an adventure.* Think of all the places you might find interesting, old stamps. Then scour attics, basements, home auctions, antique shops, private sales.

4) *Encourage growth.* Stamp collecting can be as expensive and elaborate as you want to make it. Let the interest develop with your youngsters' growing awareness of the world around them. Start modestly—but be prepared to get fanatic if and when family interest blossoms!

5) *Use the hobby to teach.* You'll be surprised how much young folks learn when they get absorbed in a hobby. Thrift, business management, trading skill, good fellowship, and knowledge of their country's history are by-products of a family interest in stamps.

These are rich rewards . . . richer, in fact, than the ever-present chance of a ten thousand dollar "find."

I've always been fascinated by the story of a Philadelphia bank that sold some musty, old papers to a junk dealer for $50. The buyer happened to be a stamp collector, and he found about $100,000 worth of stamps in the bales of "junk"!

Most of us don't have this kind of luck with our stamp collecting. But I am satisfied. My son has a new house, thanks to our hobby. And money couldn't buy the priceless hours of togetherness stamp collecting has brought to our family.

SPECIAL NOTE TO STAMP COLLECTORS: The postage stamp reproduced on p. 44 of this issue shows the four immortal U.S. chaplains—Catholic, Protestant and Jewish—who went down with their ship, the Dorchester, on Feb. 3, 1943. This gray and black commemorative was first issued May 28, 1948, at Washington, D.C. It is regular U.S. commemorative size. The chaplains pictured are George L. Fox, Clark V. Poling, John P. Washington, and Alex D. Goode.

What's Your Hobby?

Would you—whether you are 8 or 80—like to trade stamps with a Methodist living 2,000 miles away? Or swap old coins? Or have a pen pal? Each month TOGETHER will present a list of hobby categories like those below. Under each we will run names and addresses so you can get in touch with like-minded hobbyists. If you would like to be listed in this directory, send your name, address and special interests and age (for pen pals).—EDS

Antique Clocks:
Gerald O. McCulloh, Box 871, Methodist Board of Education, Nashville, Tenn.

Antique Glass:
Eunice Kay, Silver Lake, Wis.; Mrs. George H. East, 124 W. Wood Ave., Brookfield, Mo.

Astronomy:
Keith Renish, 3301 Sixth Ave., Racine, Wis.

Bead Collecting:
Lois Long, 634 Arlington Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Bells:
Mrs. Frank E. Swanson, 3090 Hackett Ave., Long Beach, Calif.

Ceramics:
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Chamberlain, 3400 Kensington Ct., Racine, Wis.

Cookbooks:
Inga Johnson, 1006 Park Ave., Racine, Wis.

Earrings:
Dr. Florence White, Graham Hall, Dakota Wesleyan Univ., Mitchell, S. D.

Finger Painting:
Miss Jessica Peery, 810 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn.

Folklore and Germanicisms:
C. R. Gaylord, Alma Center, Wis.

Gardening:
Rev. E. L. Motter, 268 N. Oakley Ave., Columbus, Ohio; Denise Moore, 253 Somanauk Ave., Park Forest, Ill.

Gem Cutting:
Ralph Webber, 3623 Haven Ave., Racine, Wis.

Rug Braiding:
Mrs. Hattie E. Verhulst, 2525 Collins St., Blue Island, Ill.

Sheet Music Collecting:
Mrs. C. J. M. Blume, Charlottesville, Va.

Stamps:
Ted Hammonad, 165 Lichfield St., Christchurch, New Zealand; Rev. Melvin Dixon, Shedd, Oregon.

Square Dancing:
Mr. and Mrs. Roger Tasker, 36 McKinley Ave., Racine, Wis.

Weaving:
Mrs. A. M. Gruhl, 1415 Quincy Ave., Racine, Wis.

Pen Pals (open to age 18):
Patsy Houston (age 14), Piney Flats, Tenn.; Barbara Dunlap (age 14), Rt. 1, Alma Center, Wis.; Gloria Newton (age 13), Alma Center, Wis.; Gail Hoonsbeen (age 13), Rt. 2, Hixton, Wis.; Sharon Duxbury (age 12), Alma Center, Wis.

How to HELP YOUR HUSBAND

By Louise Evans

"A few mornings later, while pouring coffee, I cautiously explained my feelings to Rob."

DO wives know how large a part we play in our husbands chances for success—or failure? Every woman wants her husband to get ahead, but how far and fast he will go—*and what sort of a person he will be when he arrives*—depends as much on us as on his own ability and ambition!

I know, because not so long ago, at the annual company dinner, my husband Rob was made division sales head of his firm. I nearly burst with emotion when Rob got to his feet and stammered, "I want everyone to know I couldn't have made it without my wife." He looked right at me and I know he meant every word—and why.

You see, once Rob lost a good job with a fine future—and because of his wife—*me*.

Before we were married eight years ago, I had worked in an office. I remember how the telephone operators and secretaries talked about wives of certain managers and foremen . . . but it took a pink slip for Rob to make me realize that they could and would talk the same way about me!

At first there were many reasons to call Rob at his office each day—mostly because I just wanted to hear his warm "hello" to break the monotonous hours when I was alone.

I'll never know whether the telephone operator was deliberate or careless in leaving the switchboard open one day. She sighed when I said I'd wait, and a moment later I clearly heard her say, "I'd like to hang up. How Rob Evans ever got tied to such a pair of apron strings. . . . He can't go to the men's room but she's on the phone, tying up the switchboard until he comes out!"

It was that night that Rob glumly told me he'd been fired.

"But I thought you were doing so well," I protested. "Weren't you due for a raise?"

Rob looked uncomfortable. "I just wasn't getting ahead quite fast enough to suit them," he said evasively. "Forget it. I'll get another job."

He did—but I couldn't forget it. I thought of the night courses Rob had wanted to take and my complaints at being left alone. I remembered what the telephone operator had said, and I made up my mind there'd be some changes made in me.

Studying other wives, and thinking back over my own experiences, I came to the simple conclusion that everything I could do to help Rob would stream out of my love for him. I should start with myself. I should grow as a person. I should establish and maintain the emphasis upon family love in our home.

I won't say I was a success over-

night at helping Rob. I still made mistakes, but I tried hard to think first of him. In his new job, for instance, I stopped phoning him at all except for an urgent emergency.

Without those daytime chats, I was very lonely. We had only an apartment to take care of then, no children to absorb my time, and Rob's new job had taken us to a strange unfamiliar town.

Then Rob told me his company wanted him to take night-school courses in merchandising. They'd pay for the studies, he said, and he would be gone only three evenings a week.

"They made it pretty plain that if I don't take the courses, I can't expect to make anything out of the job," he said, watching me out of the corner of his eyes.

Some good angel must have nudged me at that moment. I knew I'd heard those words before—when Rob was fired from his last job! I'd promised myself I'd do whatever was necessary to help my husband—and this was my test.

Quickly I put a smile on my face and agreed as gracefully as I knew how. But it wasn't easy to take, until I met the wife of another young man in Rob's firm. He, too, was studying at night, but the wife seemed perfectly content. I deliberately spied on her formula for happiness, and I found she had made an independent life for herself.

She made her own clothes. She had sent for directions for making patchwork quilts, hooked rugs, decorating old furniture and tin boxes with quaint designs—all working toward the house they were someday going to buy.

Some of her attempts were failures, but nothing cost much money, and she always kept busy! When her husband came home, she had bits of chitchat to make him chuckle. Even her mistakes were funny. I realized I never had anything to amuse Rob conversationally.

I had hated sewing, but I made up my mind to find *something* to do. I brushed up on reading, via the public library. At first I read popular novels; later, after a talk with a sympathetic librarian, I read biographies of famous people.

From books I branched out to music, because there was an afternoon record concert each week at the library, and later I learned something about painting through art exhibits. But gradually it dawned on me that it wasn't enough merely to fill time and keep out of Rob's way. Life is something to be lived, not merely thought about—and nobody can have much of a life alone. I ought to be doing something positive, rather than passive, with people.

My biggest step forward, I'm sure, was in joining our neighborhood church. As a child, I had eagerly looked forward to the sociable life connected with a small-town Methodist church—the rummage sales, bazaars, suppers, and Sunday-school picnics. Sundays had been quiet, pleasant, and peaceful, but there was a serenity which was lacking in my married life.

Since we had moved to a strange city and Rob was taking his night courses, we had slid into the pattern of many young childless couples. Sunday we slept late, lazed over breakfast and newspapers, and dressed in sloppy clothes. Sunday bedtime had begun to leave me with a feeling of aimlessness framed in a resentment for the week ahead because my free day with Rob had ended.

Then one Sunday morning it occurred to me that we should vary the routine by going to church. Rob said, "Why not?" so we went. Again to sing familiar hymns, to sit quietly for an hour listening to out-reaching ideas, and to share that special companionship of reverence and worship—well, I felt as though I had tuned-in on something greater than the love of Louise and Rob Evans. My mental house was in order and I was ready for the week ahead.

A few mornings later as I was pouring coffee, I cautiously explained my feelings to Rob—and suggested that we join the church. He evidently had been thinking about it, too, for he said if I wanted to he would go with me. So that's what we did.

Looking back, I realize we were doing much more than merely "joining." In returning to the church of my childhood, I felt an inner need fulfilled, as my heart warmed to a new feeling of permanence in our home life.

As a child, Rob had had little religious training, had seldom attended any church. But he found new friends, some of them he had known in business, sitting in pews beside us. As we listened to sermons, then talked about them as we strolled home, he opened to me a side of his nature I had never seen before. We were drawn into a deeper relationship of understanding, and there was real joy for me in learning how our minds agreed on spiritual matters.

Rob never said so in words, but I sensed that he began to look upon me with a new respect—as a church woman taking a responsibility to my community and to myself. It all made me very happy, especially when our youngsters started to go to Sunday school.

Soon Rob was promoted at the office. When he became a junior executive, I began to understand more clearly than before how many things a wife must learn to help her husband in the grinding competition of business life.

A man's chance to go up the ladder, it was obvious, depends very much on what sort of person his wife is. Some executives won't hire a man for a responsible job until they have met his wife. They may be too coldly factual about it, but they say that what happens at home affects a man's ability to make sound decisions and to direct other employees at the office or shop.

They expect a wife to be congenial—but not too social, dragging her husband out to affairs on nights when he should be recharging his nervous batteries at home. Or she can be so ambitious for material advancement that he becomes impatient and ineffective.

A wise wife will listen much. She'll lend a sympathetic ear to what her husband may tell about intra-office squabbles, but she doesn't put a chip on his shoulder to take to the office. She may share her opinions on problems he discusses, but she remembers that employers seldom promote men whose wives tell them what to think.

An important way for any wife to help her husband get ahead, I've decided, is through his home. Neat rooms, healthy children, good food, and a smile at the end of the day.

A vital part of helping your hus-

band to get ahead, I have learned, lies in how a wife handles the children. Our two are *not* perfect—they can be impish, exasperating, and occasionally downright naughty! Yet, Rob is enormously proud of them and every little forward step they take in the right direction. In helping our small son and daughter to lay the foundation for becoming useful happy adults, I see now that I have given my husband the best possible incentive to get ahead.

Even more vital is the relationship a wife builds with her husband. For a man to trust his wife to handle his money and rear his children, he must *know* that she believes in good rather than evil, in right rather than wrong, and in white rather than black or any intermediate shades of gray.

Insensibly the wife's own attitudes toward morals, ethics, and the spiritual side of life tend to make her husband what he is. It is all too easy for a man to set his sights on a big job and to overlook the steps which intervene. Yet the husband who loves and respects his wife is often helped to avoid a questionable step simply through his instinctive knowledge that it would not fit her standards of right and wrong.

It isn't necessary for a wife to "preach"; the only requisite is a steadfast example. Though the eventual success may take a little longer in arriving, it will be twice as satisfying because it hasn't been achieved at the expense of your husband's own personality and character!

Happily Rob has mounted a few rungs of the ladder of material success. A good salary makes possible our modest home with the things which, to quote the advertisements, make for gracious living. Our children will go to college.

But meaning more to me than all these things is a consciousness of oneness spun by love between our personalities. He knows that even if he hadn't become divisional sales manager, or even if he had never won a raise, I would be with him—for better or for worse, just as I promised.

That's why never did I love my Rob Evans more than that night he stood up and blurted right out, "I couldn't have made it without my wife."

How to Invite Guests

by Richard Armour

NEXT TO washing the dishes afterward, the hardest thing about having a dinner party is deciding who should be invited.

The first step, at our house, is to set up a card table and lay out a stack of paper and a dozen sharp pencils. One of us asks: "Let's see, whom do we owe?" Then I suggest a name and my wife suggests a name; I suggest a name and my wife suggests a name.

Having filled several sheets of paper, we begin to screen the list. That is, we cross off the names of people who have died or moved away since they had us to dinner, and put a question mark by people who are likely to die or move away before we can get around to them. Then we arrange the unquestioned ones in order of seniority.

Our next step is the grouping. Questions and counter-questions fly thick and fast. "Who will go with the Abernethies?" "How about a young man for Agnes Hooper?" "Do the Becks know the Johnsons?" "Should we put the Stonemens with the young group or the middle-aged group?" "Wouldn't Tom and Burt talk shop all evening?" And so it goes.

Our list of names gradually breaks up into sub-lists of eight (10 including us —as many as our dining table will take with both the extra leaves). In each of these there are first choices and substitutes. Now we ask such questions as: "Who'll fit in if the Thompsons can't come?" "Do you think they'll find out if we don't ask them first?"

We usually start this about 8:00 P.M. and knock off, with a bad case of battle fatigue, along about 11:00. Tired as I am, I fall to sleep very quickly and am having a delightful dream when my wife calls over to me, around 2:00 A.M.

"Dick," she says, as if we were still at the card table, "I've thought of someone to go with the Abernethies!"

"Uh," I reply, because I have learned that a reply is expected.

"The Carrolls, of course!" she yelps triumphantly. "Don't you think so?"

"Uh," I respond helpfully.

After half an hour more of this spirited exchange, my wife goes back to sleep, or at least keeps her ideas to herself. Thanks to my well-trained reflexes, I never awaken.

And so it's all decided. We invite a congenial group of friends we've owed for at least two years. It would probably have been a nice party if Junior hadn't come down with the mumps and forced us to call it off.

Together with the Small Fry

Thanksgiving for Stevie...

LARRY LEARNER measured out a half teaspoon of cinnamon.

Linda measured out a half teaspoon of ginger.

Stevie measured out a half teaspoon of cloves.

Into the big white bowl of yellow pumpkin they dumped the spices.

They were helping Mama Learner make pumpkin pies for Thanksgiving.

"I'm glad somebody thought of having Thanksgiving for me," said Stevie.

"In third grade," said Larry in a big-brother voice, "we wrote a play about the first Thanksgiving. I pretended I was Squanto."

"Who was Squanto?" asked Linda, grabbing a little piece of pie dough.

"He was an Indian. He showed the Pilgrims how to plant seeds and how to hunt and fish. If it hadn't been for him, the Pilgrims might all have died and then there wouldn't have been any Thanksgiving."

"I'm glad you told us that, Larry," said Mama. "Many people today don't know about Squanto and the other Indians who helped the Plymouth folk."

"Plymouth!" exclaimed Linda. "There's a picture of Plymouth Rock in my book. It has numbers on it."

"Sixteen twenty," said Larry. "That's the year the Pilgrims came to this country."

"I want to see the rock," said Stevie.

Mama poured the golden fluff in the white bowl into two pie crusts. She slid them into the oven.

"Now let's look at your book, Linda, and tell the story from the beginning so Stevie can understand it," she said.

"See," Mama pointed out to Stevie, "here are the people we call Pilgrims. They came across the Atlantic Ocean to find a new home where they could be free and where they could pray to God in their own way. Here is their boat—the *Mayflower*. It was a long, hard trip. They were happy when they found a new land—our very own country, the United States—though only Indians lived here then."

"And here is Plymouth Rock," said Linda, turning a page.

"Some day," said Mama, "maybe we'll visit Plymouth, Massachusetts, and see this large rock. It is still there where the Pilgrims climbed onto it from their boat to reach the shore.

"That winter the people were often cold and sick and hungry. Then spring came. The Indians helped them plant seeds, just as Larry said. All summer they watched the corn and vegetables grow. In the fall they had a good crop to harvest. They were so thankful that they decided to celebrate with a special thanksgiving. They cooked a big dinner and they invited the Indians. Together they thanked God for their new home and friends."

Stevie turned back to the picture of Plymouth Rock. "I could draw a picture like that," he said.

"That's a good idea!" agreed Mama. "We could make Plymouth Rock place cards for our dinner table."

"I'll get the scissors," said Larry.

Just then Daddy Learner came in with a sack of groceries. "What's going on here?"

"Mama told us about the first Thanksgiving," said Linda.

"The very first one?" asked Daddy.

"Yes," answered Stevie, "at Plymouth Rock!"

"Oh, but there was Thanksgiving hundreds of years before that," said Daddy.

"Where?" demanded Larry.

"It's in the Bible!" guessed Linda.

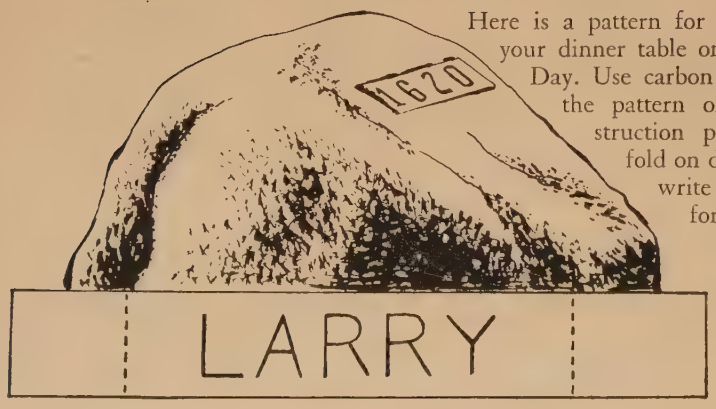
"Yes. That may be where the Pilgrims got the idea," said Daddy.

So that evening Daddy read from the Bible how long, long ago the people in the land where Jesus lived also had special days of thanksgiving and how they sang, as we still do today:

"O give thanks to the Lord, for he is good; for his steadfast love endures forever!" (1 Chronicles 16:34)

FOR YOUR TABLE

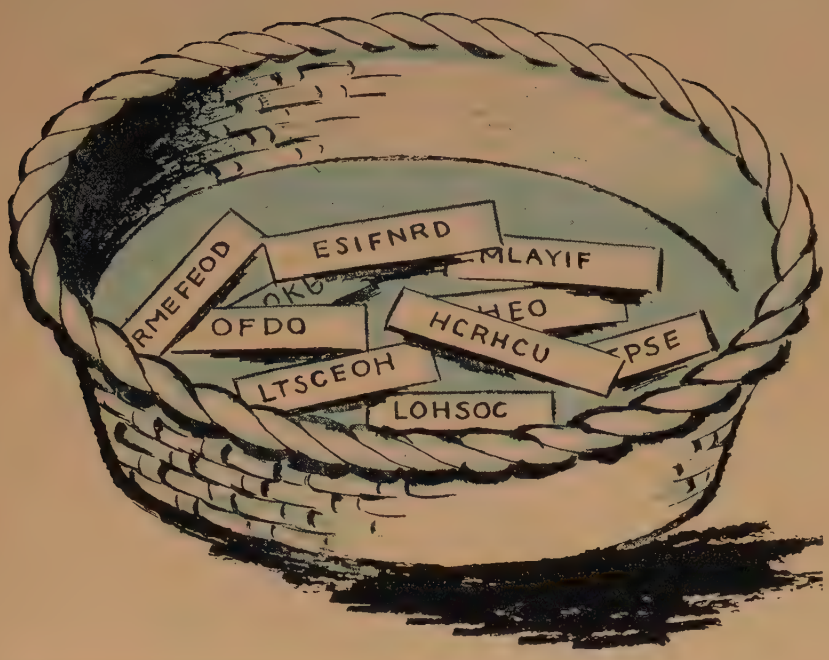
Here is a pattern for place cards for your dinner table on Thanksgiving Day. Use carbon paper to trace the pattern on colored construction paper. Cut out, fold on dotted lines, and write in name—one for each person.



Thanksgiving Prayer

BY JEAN MERGARD

Although I'm grateful all the year,
Since it's Thanksgiving, Lord, O hear
My prayer of thanks for each good thing
That fills my heart and makes it sing:
For sun and rain; for good earth grown
To loveliness; for food, spring-sown,
Now harvested; for each bird song;
For trees; for roads to ride along;
For ears to hear; for eyes to read;
For courage that all strong hearts need;
For parents' help, their love, their smile;
And since I'm knowing all the while
Where every blessing comes from, too,
I'm thankful, most of all, for you.



WHAT'S IN THE BASKET?

Rearrange the letters in each of the scrambled words in this Thanksgiving basket and you will find ten things for which boys and girls are grateful.

For answers turn to page 80.

WHAT AM I?

I belong to you alone.
Yet other people use me
more than you do. Can
you guess what I am?
—Frances Rodman

IN YOUR BIBLE

Your whole family can read together the beginnings of religious festivals of thanksgiving as told in Leviticus 23:39-44 and Deuteronomy 26:1-11.

Then for the grace at your Thanksgiving dinner table, you may take turns reading the following verses from your Bible: Psalms 75:1; 92:1; 147:7, 8, 16-18; 2 Corinthians 9:15; and 1 Thessalonians 5:18.

Connect the Dots . . . and see a _____

Barnabas and his

LOOKS AT NEW BOOKS

WRITERS HAVE been tilling and presses have been toiling all summer. The result is a bumper crop of beautiful books.

Because this is the Thanksgiving season, I list first *The Farmer Gives Thanks* (Abingdon, 64 pp., $1), a collection of 56 prayers for year-round use. These prayers spring from the heart of a man who lives close to nature and are beautiful in their simplicity and sincerity.

Says Author **Samuel R. Guard:** "The farmer is a poet, even if he doesn't act like one; is an artist, even if he doesn't possess a paint brush; and is, by nature, a believer. He plows in faith; he sows in hope; he reaps in charity."

Listen to a portion of a prayer for autumn:

Almighty Harvest Hand, let us work alongside thee . . . help us glean . . . and stack . . . and soundly store. . . . We are so grateful, Lord of the harvest, for the wheel of the locust grinding melancholy into gladness, for the come-lately zinnia blooming like flame, for bluegrass lush again with white clover mongst it, for hickory sticks on dog irons . . .

You've now read **Harry Emerson Fosdick's** article that opens this issue of TOGETHER. By coincidence, Harper's has just brought out his *The Living of These Days* (324 pp., $4). And it's *my* unqualified nomination for the autobiography-of-the-month.

Dr. Fosdick has been the Jeremiah or the Micah of our generation—his prophetic insight and eloquence undimmed by the elegance surrounding his erstwhile pulpit at the Rockefeller-built Riverside Church in New York. Usually his books leave my brain churning with new ideas. This one does that and more, because it reveals the human side of the development of a great preacher from just such a boy as lives in the next block. His gang didn't devote all their energies to church and Sunday school, you can be sure.

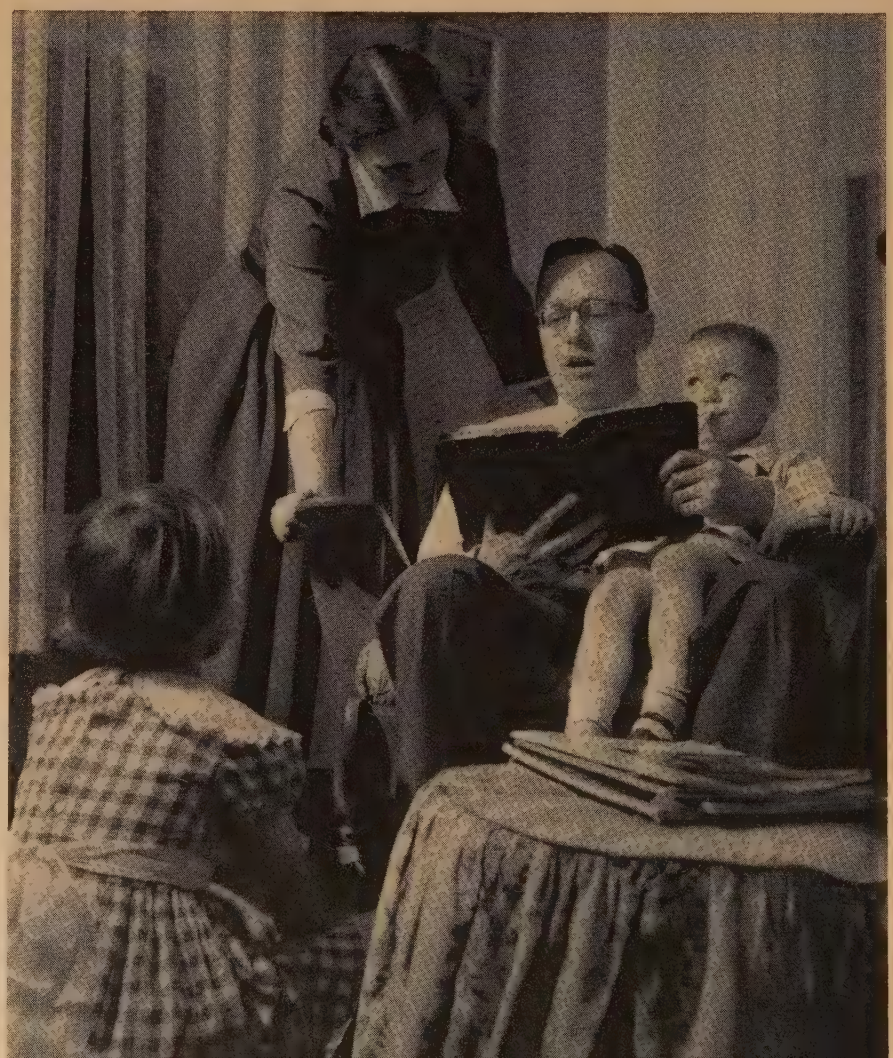
"Six of us made up that gang, a healthy group of boys then," he recalls, "and I am glad to add, with good records since. Our moral sense in boyhood sometimes worked in strange ways. One Friday night we stole one of Old Man Watts' fat chickens. Then Saturday morning we volunteered to help him pick berries, refused the proffered pay—two cents a quart. So Saturday noon we cooked the chicken for a feast, our consciences entirely satisfied.

"We were not the only gang in town, and once when a rival crew threatened to beat us to the ringing of the bells on July Fourth we forestalled them by stealing the clappers in advance. The Methodist Church bell's clapper was under my bed for a week before it was discovered."

Children's Book Week (Nov. 25 to Dec. 1) is a reminder that good books make treasured Christmas presents for youngsters.

On the page opposite **Edith Patterson Meyer** lists and reviews "Eight Best Juveniles for 1956." She's one of the best-qualified persons in the country to make the choice. Not only has she had extensive experience in children's library work, she was for 10 years associated with the children's book department of Abingdon Press. She resigned as children's book editor of Abingdon in 1955 in order to travel and write.

Mrs. Meyer, who now lives in New York, is the daughter of a Methodist minister. She is the author of many articles on (*Continued on page 60*)



Educators say that family reading often builds a foundation for good scholarship and lifelong interest in books. It's an even greater influence than TV when parents and children read together.

Looking for Good Children's Books?

Reviews by Edith Patterson Meyer

No family Christmas tree should be complete without books for children—books to laugh over, books to thrill to, books to treasure. Here are a few of the best.

Ages 3-6

HIDE AND SEEK, by Elizabeth Coatsworth (Pantheon, 32 pp., $2)

In this intimate and companionable book a mother with a poet's imagination and gift of words plays a game with her small son. Into it she puts the animals of the countryside, most of them known to little children. The pictures are comfortingly warm and friendly, as are the final words: "Come home soon!"

BIG LITTLE DAVY, by Lois Lenski (Oxford, 48 pp., $1.50)

Through Miss Lenski's simple, uncluttered pictures and brief childlike text we see Little Davy as a baby grow into Big Davy the schoolboy. Young non-readers will pore happily over the pages of this small book, seeing themselves in Davy's activities as he progresses from bottle drinking and crawling to running, looking at books, and—finally—to starting off for school. As satisfying in its realistic way as *Hide and Seek* is in its imaginative way.

Ages 6-9

THE FOURTH OF JULY STORY, by Alice Dalgliesh (Scribner, $2.75)

"The story of the birthday of our country," says the author, "is a big story to tell young children. Yet when they begin to ask, 'Why do we have a holiday on the Fourth of July?' they have a right to know . . . that Independence Day is something more than fireworks and picnics." Few writers could tell this story with such simplicity, color, and meaning. Children will not soon forget the Liberty bell with its song: "Liberty throughout the land; Liberty to all the people!" The clear, dramatic color pictures by Marie Nonnast add to the story and to its appeal.

THE COMING OF THE KING, by Norman Vincent Peale (Prentice-Hall, 32 pp., $2.00)

Reading and hearing anew another birthday story, far older and greater even than that of our country, is part of every Christian family's Christmas celebration. Here, with simplicity and beauty, the well-known pastor of New York's Marble Collegiate Church tells the wonderful story, leaning often on the memorable words of Matthew and Luke. The many illustrations by William Moyer—and indeed the whole design and feeling of the book—are distinguished, reverent, and wholly satisfying.

Ages 9-12

LANTERN IN THE VALLEY, by Faye Campbell Griffis (Macmillan, 136 pp., $2.50)

The members of the Yoshida family, especially young Kei and Tori, become very real as one reads this story of their life in rural Japan. Through them the reader learns much of the work and play, the problems, pleasures, environment, and ways of thinking of the Japanese people of both country and city. Such books as this push back the horizons of young Americans and give them a friendlier, more knowledgeable outlook on this rapidly shrinking world of ours.

THE YEAR AROUND: POEMS FOR CHILDREN, selected by Alice I. Hazeltine and Elva S. Smith (Abingdon, 192 pp., $2.50)

There is no season without its appropriate poetry for children. In *The Year Around*, two veteran children's librarians and instructors of children's librarians have collected some of the best seasonal and holiday poems—poems with beauty and charm and with meaning for children. Not only have they included selections from the better-known poets which meet these exacting standards, but also poems of lesser-known, newer writers. Some of these poems first appeared in the Methodist papers, *Trails for Juniors* and *Girls Today*. Miss Hazeltine, a member of Dr. Sockman's Christ Church congregation, will be remembered for her other splendid anthologies, including *We Grew Up in America*, and *Children's Stories to Read and Tell*.

Ages 12-15

KNOCK AT THE DOOR, EMMY, by Florence Crannell Means (Houghton Mifflin, 256 pp., $2.75)

From her fifteenth to her eighteenth year the reader shares Emmy's difficult life as a migrant worker's daughter, shuttling between Colorado and California in search of work. "A free life," Pa called it, but Emmy longed for schooling and a settled home. Romance, as well as Emmy's persistence, helps set her feet toward college and a happy, useful life. Early teen-agers will find this an absorbing story, as well as a penetrating presentation of the problems of young people in migratory families.

TO BEAT A TIGER, ONE NEEDS A BROTHER'S HELP, by Elizabeth Foreman Lewis (Winston, 224 pp., $2.75)

Reading this story of the adventures of a band of refugees in wartorn Shanghai is an exciting experience. Drawn together by hunger, peril, and the need for one another in their effort to survive, these boys lived a life of misery and petty crime. Yet they were capable of astounding acts of bravery and of devotion both to one another and, occasionally, to ideals of an almost forgotten time of peace. The author, onetime Methodist missionary in China and daughter-in-law of the beloved Methodist Bishop Lewis, has nowhere—even in her Newbery prize-winning book *Young Fu*—done a finer, more thought-provoking piece of writing.

"PEOPLE'S CAPITALISM" AT WORK. Philip D. Reed *(left)*, Board Chairman of General Electric, and Ralph J. Cordiner, President, face the largest meeting of share owners ever assembled—nearly 4,000 General Electric share owners who attended

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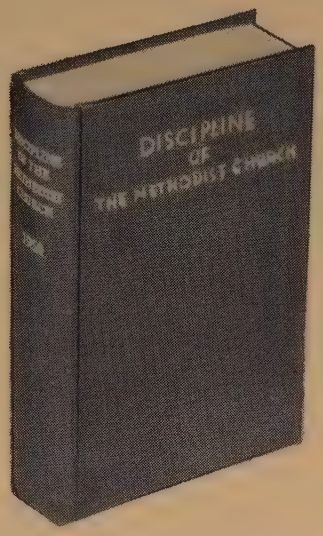

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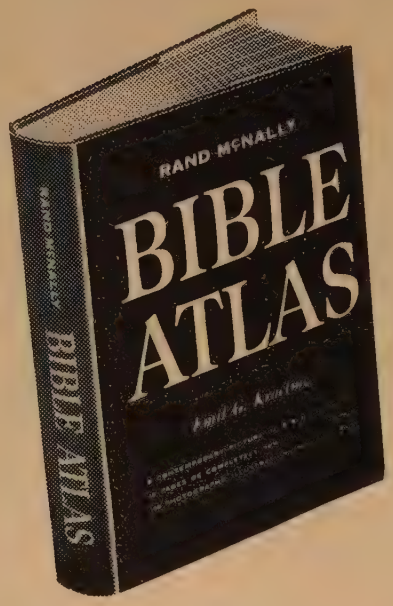

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(From page 56) various phases of children's reading, has given numerous talks on the subject, and has conducted children's writing workshops at writer's conferences.

Is it not the place of a Christian family magazine, Mrs. Meyer asks, "to give parents help in suggesting to them books which will have constructive values for their children—books which will extend their horizons, develop their minds, deepen their insights, and nourish their souls?"

Such books, Mrs. Meyer adds, are being published in increasing numbers, as her selections on page 57 indicate.

You Perry Mason fans will be interested in learning there's a new mystery headed for the shops next January. It is *The Case of the Lucky Loser* (Morrow, $2.95), recently serialized in the *Saturday Evening Post.* The author, of course, is **Erle Stanley Gardner,** who, incidentally, will soon be a contributor to TOGETHER.

But Erle Stanley Gardner and Harry Emerson Fosdick are not the only TOGETHER contributors to be found among the authors of new books this month. Another is **Carlos P. Romulo** with *The Meaning of Bandung* (The University of North Carolina Press, 102 pp., $2.50). His story, "How We Romulos Changed Our Minds" is scheduled for a later issue of TOGETHER.

General Romulo's new book takes you behind the scenes of the epochal Bandung conference. Especially significant are his personal side-lights on India's Nehru and China's Chou-En-Lai.

The Bandung Conference was unusual because "it comprised exclusively the poorer and less developed countries of Asia and Africa, whose peoples together constitute more than half the human family—1,300,000,000 human beings who happen to be non-white and who share, on the whole, a bitter memory of Western control and domination."

Sgt. Alvin York, a deeply religious man, lives on a farm in the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee. He had suffered a slight stroke, but when I visited him in his home two years ago his courage and faith were helping him fight his way out of bed.

This came to mind as I read *Heroes of the Army,* by **Bruce Jacobs** (W. W. Norton, 240 pp., $3.50), which features among 20 tales the Tennessee mountaineer who captured 132 Germans in the Argonne during World War I. Since the Civil War there have been 2,188 Medal of Honor winners. Their

stories make exciting reading—if you like tales of derring-do.

It was like meeting an old, old friend when I leafed through the 24th and latest edition of *The Book of Life,* published by John Rudin. In my boyhood I spent many hours poring over the 1,000 or so full-color pictures in these eight volumes.

Our home set was destroyed in a fire nearly 20 years ago, but as I turned these fresh pages, I understood why they appealed so much to my youthful eyes. And I echo the verdict of many Methodist leaders: the most successful attempt ever made to make the Bible readable for children and young people.

We live in the Atomic Age, we say. But what is it? Whither will it take us?

Significant answers to such questions are offered in **Dr. Arthur H. Compton's** *Atomic Quest* (Oxford, $5). He was a key man in the development of the atomic bomb and recalls the hopes, the fears, and the conflicts among scientists who knew they were about to unleash a fearful force on the world.

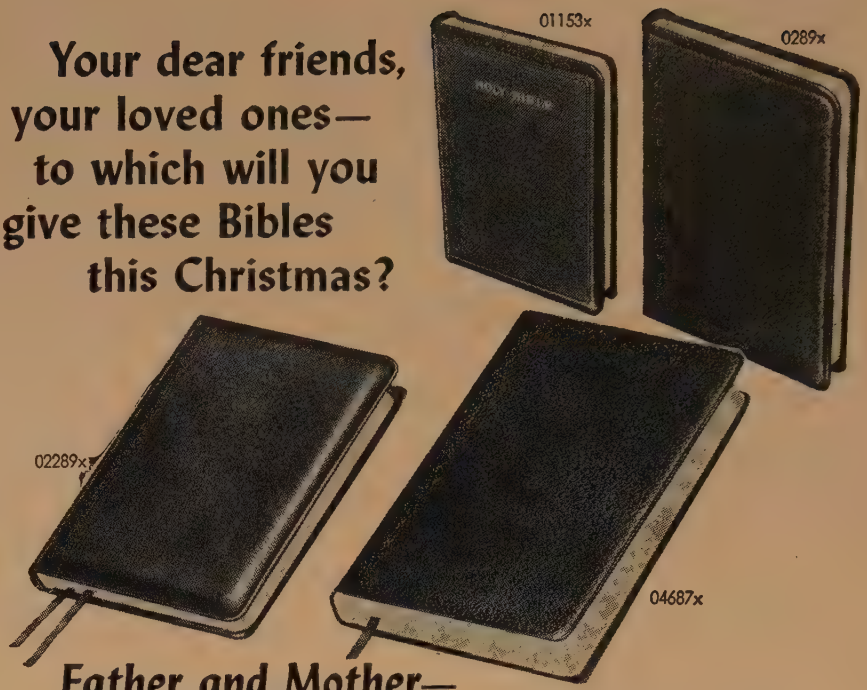
Compton is an outstanding Christian, as well as a scientist, and his story is told with sincerity, modesty, and humor. He doesn't sidestep the challenge to make atomic power a force for good in the world. He urges American vigilance in a hostile world.

"Here, as I see it, is the Christian answer to the defense of freedom," Dr. Compton writes. "We have before us a great task. It is nothing less than to create a civilization in which men and women can grow in responsible freedom to become worthy of their great heritage as 'children of God.' But there are in the world forces of evil that would prevent the building of such a civilization. Our task is to maintain the necessary defensive strength to use it, if we must, while we build our great civilization to such power that it cannot be destroyed."

William Saroyan, the novelist and playwright, comes up with the prediction that "the time will come when print appears on television screens—without noise of music or anything else." But imagine trying to read on TV a book like the new *Heirloom Bible.* It is a magnificent book—and understandably expensive ($25).

Hawthorn Books published it Oct. 15—just 500 years to the day after Johann Gutenberg brought out the first printed Bible. The *Heirloom Bible* is big, easy to read, illustrated in full color by classic paintings of the ages. It reminds me of the great family Bible my

Your dear friends, your loved ones— to which will you give these Bibles this Christmas?



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grandmother treasured. Norman Vincent Peale calls it "the most beautiful Bible I have ever seen."

Old bones make fascinating reading when the German writer, **Herbert Wendt,** tells of them in *In Search of Adam* (Houghton Mifflin, 540 pp., $6.50). I took an entire weekend on this popular account of man's search into the mystery of human life on the earth. It's a refresher course in physical anthropology.

Remember **Dr. S. Parkes Cadman?** He didn't need a Children's Book Week to start him on a life-long course of reading. When he was 11, Cadman went to work in a coal mine in Shropshire, England. He didn't leave the mines until he was 21, but in nine and one-half years he digested all the books in the local library. He even went into the mines with a book under his arm!

At the time of his death, this noted ex-Methodist preacher and radio speaker—a true follower of John Wesley—had more than 12,000 books in his personal library.

Marvin M. Black of the University of Mississippi writes that the university library recently received a rare copy of *Gilderoy's Stories,* written in 1881 by the **Rev. Robert Gilderoy Porter.** Mr. Porter's life would seem to prove, at least, that not all preachers were mischievous little boys, because he was licensed to preach when he was only nine years old!

Anyway, Porter wrote many stories for boys for the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate.* He had a reason for doing this.

"Children frequently do not get the sympathy and encouragement they need," the author says in the preface. "Hence they do not make as good men and women as they otherwise would. A boy is often pushed aside, or sent off to the other room, when he is nearly dead to hear the conversation of men and women—conversation that would fire his young mind and heart to noble needs. . . ."

What a craving for fame can do to a near-genius is clearly sketched between the lines of *With Love from Gracie; Sinclair Lewis: 1912-1925* (Harcourt, Brace, 335 pp., $5.75), by his first wife, **Grace Hegger Lewis.**

"Red," as he was known to friends, had deep roots in Sauk Centre, Minn., a town of 2,500 population. Mrs. Lewis seems to agree with critics that there "he acquired his first and only company of vivid characters whom he transferred to other settings"—to *Main Street, Bab-*

bitt, Arrowsmith, and other best-sellers that put him while yet in his 30s into the $100,000-income class.

Lewis was self-centered. He lived restlessly, ever chasing fame's will-o'-the-wisp. Brilliant company didn't bring relief from his frustrations, nor did sharp-eared malice, nor liquor. In 1951 he died in Italy, very much alone.

Reared a Congregationalist, Lewis once spoke to the First Congregational Church at Williamstown, Mass. The pastor, Rev. G. George E. Beilby, Jr., is quoted:

"As a satirist he saw too clearly the faults and foibles and the undue pretensions of the church ever to bring himself under its wing. Yet at the same time he did sense positive elements in Christianity and, I think, at least subconsciously, he longed to make them his own. I do not think this conflict ever was resolved, at least not in Williamstown, yet it may have been the source out of which he derived some comfort in his last days in Florence."

Jane Merchant is a semi-invalid, but you would never know it reading her book of verses, *Think About These Things* (Abingdon Press, 96 pp., $1.50). Jesse Stuart found in it "some of the finest religious poems that are being written in America today."

Jane is a Methodist who lives in Knoxville, Tenn. You will see her

Browsing in Fiction

I suppose the work of genius, when it appears, has so much depth and breadth in it that one feels nothing like it has ever appeared before. But most books we read fall into certain patterns, and by exchanging a few names and a few locations, we can say that we have read them before. I was thinking of this especially as I read one of the best novels I have seen in a long time, *The Cross of Iron.*

THE CROSS OF IRON, by Willi Heinrich *(Bobbs-Merrill, 456 pp., $4.50)*

This is heralded as the great German war novel; and it is certainly the greatest that has come to my attention. I could not get over the impression that the stock characters are the same that you find in nearly all such books. For example, if you have read *From Here to Eternity,* you will recognize some of the soldiers under different names. The hero of this book is a sergeant with many of the same characteristics as the sergeant in the American novel. Here you will find the good officers and the rascals.

If anyone had told me 12 years ago that I could read this book with any sympathy, I would have thought him mad. But here is the German army in Russia hopelessly retreating, and your heart goes out to the men caught in the awful mess. There are some scenes of cruelty and killing that will upset the tenderhearted.

The ordinary soldier in any army is never sure of what is going on and is not quite certain what the real issue is. This book says to us that men are men long before they are Americans or Germans or Russians. If you are in the mood for one more war novel, this is it.

CHARMED CIRCLE, by Susan Ertz *(Harper, 377 pp., $3.95)*

To move from *The Cross of Iron* to this book is like moving from one world to another. Here is the story of a family in most fortunate economic circumstances with everything provided that people could desire. Nobody has to work, and the two boys and girl in the family are treated with every consideration—provided they do not try to escape from the family.

When I was a boy I would have given my right arm, almost, to be in this kind of environment. Even the depression does not hurt them very much, although they do get down to the place where they have only $11,000 a year to live on.

The tragedy of the book centers in the daughter's marriage, which could have been successful but was not. It says to us that life, no matter how pleasant, needs some kind of purpose and that people will find even the most luxurious captivity unbearable. I would call this a very pleasant and well-written book.

POSITION UNKNOWN, by Ian Mackersey *(Holt, 222 pp., $3.00)*

What happens to people when a plane crashes in a wilderness where it is doubtful that it will ever be found? This novel is one answer to such a situation, and it brings out what every sociologist knows, namely, that crises produce both the best and the worst. Both the men and the women reveal their true natures; along with brutal selfishness there is wonderful devotion and concern.

This is not hard to read and would come under the heading of very acceptable escape reading. The thing that impressed me about this book most of all is that the author leaves so many conclusions to the reader. We ask ourselves at the end, what happened to this man and how did it work out for the other one? We are never told.

The book could have gone on for another two hundred pages if the author had so desired in unraveling the future of some of the passengers. Maybe this is one of its strong points; perhaps it is a good thing to make people wonder. At least that is what it did for me.

THAT EGYPTIAN WOMAN, by Noel B. Gerson *(Doubleday, 317 pp., $3.95)*

That Egyptian Woman is of course Cleopatra. This is a historical novel of Cleopatra's relationship with Julius Caesar. After Shakespeare and George Bernard Shaw have given the material the treatment of their geniuses, it is a great man who even dares have a try at it. If you have not read either Shakespeare or Shaw and are not too familiar with this period, I think this book will be of a good deal of interest.

But, like most Bible novels, it tends to be a little thin for the reader who is acquainted with the original. There seems to be a theory in our time, however, that people are not interested in history unless it is fictionalized. If that general observation fits you, here is an opportunity to learn a little bit about an ancient queen of Egypt and one of Rome's great rulers.

Gerald Kennedy

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poems from time to time in TOGETHER. I've never met her, but I know some folks who have. They say she is a radiant person whose triumph over physical adversity is as inspiring as her poetry.

It is pleasing again to note, as I did last month, that publishers of paperback books are turning away, somewhat gradually to be sure, from the lurid and sexy books that have flooded news stands for more than a decade.

Harper has a splendid selection of paper-back reprints, all important books in the field of religion, at a fraction of their original cost.

Here's the list:

- *A Life of Jesus,* by **Edgar J. Goodspeed.** $1.25.
- *A Guide to Understanding the Bible,* by **Harry Emerson Fosdick.** $1.75.
- *Christian Beginnings* (parts one and two), by **Morton S. Enslin.** $1.25.
- *Purity of Heart,* by **Soren Kierkegaard.** $1.25.

Others will follow soon, Harper announces.

Billy Graham has his critics as well as a great multitude of followers. **Stanley High** tells his story in *Billy Graham—The Personal Story of the Man, His Message and His Mission* (McGraw-Hill, 359 pp., $3.95.)

He says Graham has probably spoken to more people, face to face, than any preacher in the history of Christianity. How this came about is provocative reading. High, a minister and the son of a Methodist minister, is one of the nation's most prolific writers in the field of religious journalism. He is on the staff of *The Reader's Digest.*

Sunday-school attendance is zooming, as you'd expect from the increased interest over the nation in religion. But many of the new scholars are adults. That's news and so it is appropriate to note that the *International Lesson Annual,* edited by **Charles M. Laymon** (Abingdon, 442 pp., $2.95), makes its appearance for the second year. Lessons are interpreted with scholarship and skill by Roy L. Smith, a longtime favorite of Methodist audiences around the globe and contributing editor of TOGETHER.

Sign over a table of Bibles in a Dallas bookstore after the movie *David and Bathsheba* opened in local theaters: "You've seen the movie—now read the book."

—BARNABAS

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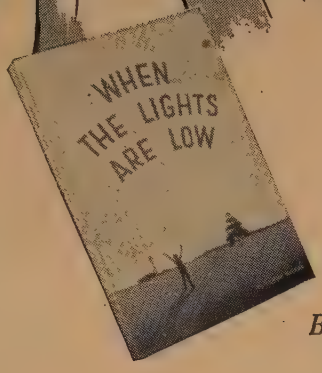

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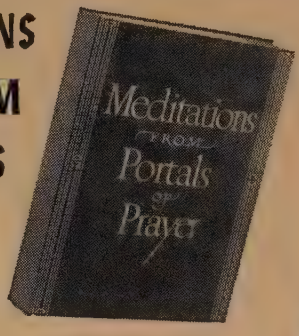

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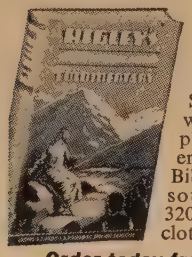

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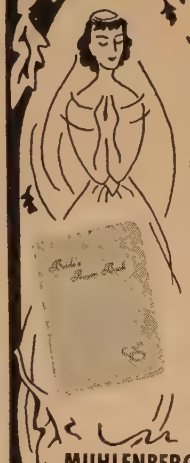

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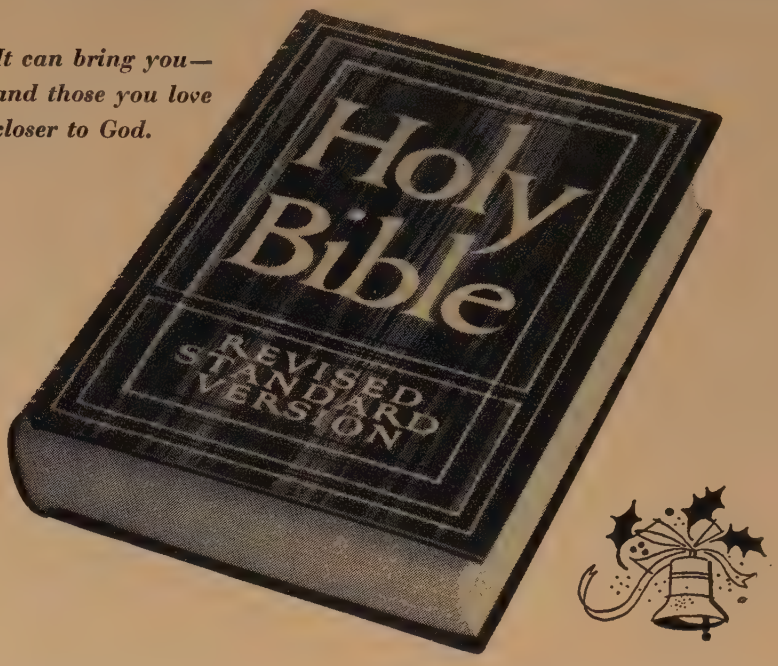

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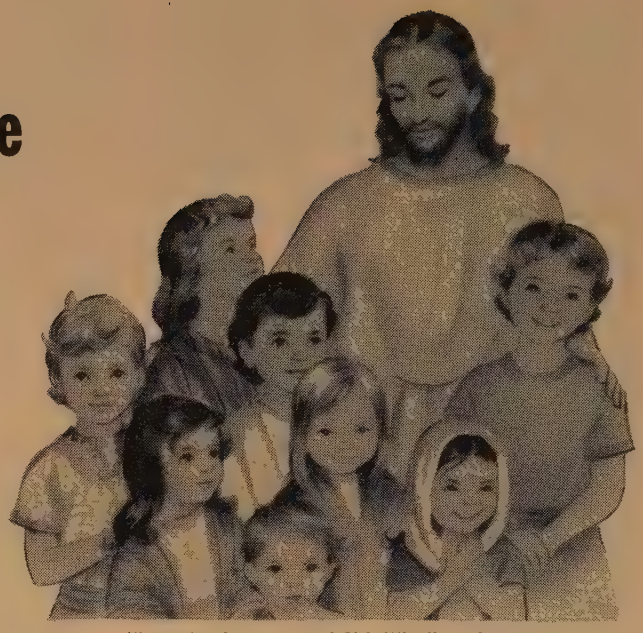

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Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS

Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be satisfied.—Matthew 5:6

"NOTHING tastes good to me anymore." That is a complaint familiar to doctors. A person is sick when he loses his sense of hunger, for appetite is a part of our God-given equipment. But we teach ourselves our special tastes.

The word of our Lord lays on us the necessity of developing our taste for righteousness. For only in uprightness do we get fulfillment. Many of our contemporaries are like a child who wants to eat nothing but peanut butter. The hunger of the spirit must be so directed as to demand a balanced goodness. The promise here is that if we will develop the taste for goodness, God will satisfy it.

PRAYER: May we know, our Father, that we will never be satisfied until we yearn for thee, and that when we yearn for thee we will be fully satisfied. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

—DOW KIRKPATRICK

Dow Kirkpatrick
Athens, Georgia

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name!—Psalm 103:1

CHARLES CONNICK is now dead. But his soul does bless the Lord through the luminous jewels of a thousand windows. Charles Connick rediscovered the lost art of stained glass.

A young printer's devil with a poetic soul was agonized by the sight of murky soot of Pittsburgh outside the begrimed window where he worked. His eyes searched for some release from the drear refuse of winter waste dubiously warmed by smoke-curtained sunlight.

Then he saw it. A yellow tulip! It was a trumpet call to his soul. He broke his chains of security to hunger through art school. There were years of further search until he learned the secret of glass which would bless the Lord with a symphony of color and light.

He told me his story in modest joy as I reveled in the beauty of a small glass medallion he had placed in my hand. It was a golden tulip on a shimmering field of red.

PRAYER: Lord God of light and Master of mercy, send down a fragment of thy brilliance that we may see in darkened alleys some lovely thing which hurls a challenge to lift the soul to new creation. O bless thy holy name! Amen.

—ENSWORTH REISNER

Charles W. Spear
Fairmont, Minnesota

Ensworth Reisner
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Everett W. Palmer
Glendale, California

Let not your hearts be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me.—John 14:1

FOR SEVERAL months she had been going through that long period of adjustment which follows the loss of a much loved husband. During my call she handed me a small notebook and said, "This is what I live on nowadays."

Opening the notebook, I found several pages filled with carefully chosen selections from Scripture. She explained that in her Bible reading, when she found a verse which met her need, she copied it here for future use.

Observing her calmness, the good sense of her plans, her hopeful expectation for a useful life ahead, I knew that here was no mere theory of religion, no God in the abstract. Here was a person who had moved far beyond this, to a knowledge of Christ which was real and sufficient.

PRAYER: Our Father, in times of trouble grant unto us that experience of our Lord which brings the amazing gift of the untroubled heart. Amen.

—CHARLES W. SPEAR

In all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. —Romans 8:37

RECENTLY I read some lovely verse:

The earth grows special flowers for little girls;
Is prodigal with dandelion gold
So a little girl may gather all she wants
And not give anybody cause to scold . . .

The poem revealed a heart responsive to beauty. The lines had a singing grace. Then I recognized the poet's name, Jane Merchant. I didn't know her, but often I had seen her poems in magazines. They always lifted my heart.

Somewhere I have seen her picture, a tiny fragile creature, apparently unable to rise from her bed even to a sitting position. Across the bed, within reach of her fingers, was a typewriter. Never able to attend school, she was entirely self-educated.

In that bed she has grown a soul of giant strength, grappled with mighty adversaries. And she has won victories that now bless the earth. From that bed she lifts mankind into beauty, kindness, purity and courage. What a promised land she has gained! Jane Merchant is one of the many who bring Paul's Epistle to the Romans up-to-date. She is a convincing wit-

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

Let's Think Thanks

by ROY L. SMITH

THERE IS A SIMPLE rule of life which, if it were faithfully observed, would completely transform life for most of us. It is to *think thanks.*

Dr. Kenneth A. Carlson, pastor of First Methodist Church, Santa Monica, Calif., tells the story of a little girl who had attended a woman's meeting with her mother. Afterward, in the privacy of their own car, the youngster said, "Mommy, next time we go somewhere, let's go where they talk happy."

Cynical conversation, dire prophecies, bitter speech and caustic comment—always depressing—are the inevitable fruitage of negative thinking.

Laughter, good humor, optimism, faith, and courage are, by the same logic, the surface indications of inner strength and stability.

In the course of the average day, there is an almost interminable list of things that happen to us which we do not choose. Over them, we have no control. But the most creative thing in our favor is something we choose for ourselves. That is our way of thinking.

The psychologists have much to say about inferiority complexes, the subconscious, reactions, and other mental matters. Let no one assume that these are minor concerns. Indeed, they are the stuff of which life is made and with which it is often damned. But the simple truth is that they are strictly the product of our own thinking. To think rightly is to redeem life; to think incorrectly and mistakenly is to lower the level of life.

Our subconscious (that tyrannical overlord of life) is composed of all the thinking we have done, the desires we have entertained, the resentments we have cherished, and the suspicions we have harbored. It is also composed of all the forgiveness we have nurtured, all the joys we have shared, and all the thanks we have thought.

Again and again, in the midst of serious situations, Jesus began his praying with an expression of thanks. The victory he won in Gethsemane was no sudden upsurge of courage and strength. It was, rather, the result of years of thinking straight—of thinking thanks and confidence.

The mental habit of thinking thanks has provided millions of people with the precise lift they needed in the midst of crisis. It has been the escalator that has carried many a man out of despondency and into victory.

Such an attitude does not just happen. It takes a lifetime of right-thinking to achieve real mastery over circumstance and things, but even a few minutes of thanks-thinking each day can make a difference in life. Firmly fixed and carefully cultivated, the habit can redeem life.

It is well that we have one day out of the year set aside for giving thanks. But if giving thanks means so much to us on one day, why shouldn't we follow the practice every day?

Not long ago the newspapers reported the odd case of an Australian youth who suffered a concussion while serving with the armed forces in Korea. At the time of his injury the young man was 5 feet 4½ inches tall. The blow started strange reactions within his body so that he began to grow. Today he stands 6 feet 3½ inches high!

The case of the Australian soldier is very strange. But there are innumerable instances of people who never grow to reach their full intellectual and spiritual stature until after they suffer some terrible blow.

The Apostle Paul advises one of his readers to "rejoice in tribulations." This is another way of saying the same thing—*think thanks.* Of course no sane man is really thankful for pain. But he can be grateful beyond words for the growth and victory that often come as a result of pain.

ness to the truth that "in all these things we are more than conquerers through him who loved us." The victory she daily wins is ours to have and to share.

PRAYER: O God, who in Jesus Christ dost surround every day with hope, grant us grace to open the center of our being to the reinforcement of thy strength. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—EVERETT W. PALMER

W. Maynard French
Macedonia, Ohio

So faith, hope, love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is love.—I Cor. 13:13

THE NEWSPAPERS blared the story of a woman who had disappeared. Last seen driving away from the parking lot where she worked, she had silently slipped away.

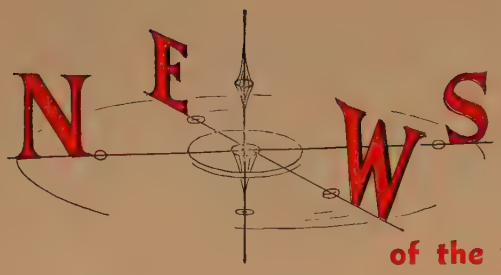
Her husband, questioned by the police, could not understand the reason for her desertion. As he explained to the investigating officer, "We have had a very uneventful marriage."

St. Paul cautioned his friends at Corinth that religion may have faith and it may have hope, but without love it is "uneventful." Love is the first principle of Christ's sermons. Love is the *sursum corda* of Christianity. It says "lift up your hearts!" Especially in the adventurous explorations of matrimony, a marriage may have faith and hope but still be only a little better than a business partnership. A matrimonial partnership must have the magic of love to be eventfully eternal. Vina Delmar, in her book *Beloved,* expressed this thought in a letter that Natalie wrote to her husband, Judah. "Long ago, I begged you never to break the spell of what we have. . . ."

So faith, hope, love abide, these three; but the most eventful of these is love.

PRAYER: O Master Tailor of the universe, weave into the fabric of our family fellowship a design of faith. Knit us together in a seamless robe of hope. But, more than these, clothe us in the beauty of thy love. Amen.

—W. MAYNARD FRENCH



OPINION CHANGING ON RADIO AND TELEVISION

Churchmen are beginning to recognize the sincerity of broadcasters who propose nontraditional approaches to religious television.

CBS Vice-President Sig Mickelson, speaking to 118 Methodist radio and TV workers in Cincinnati recently, remembered that in the past the church was brought "physically into the television studio. The broadcaster's judgments were disparaged. His suggestions dismissed as inadequate, irrelevant or undignified. Much of this has changed."

Broadcasters, Mr. Mickelson said, do not know whether to address the "sinners . . . or the pious."

"It is all too easy for the broadcaster to shrug meekly and give the pious what they want. Heaven knows the sinners do not object. They turn happily to another station.

"Churchmen need to be reminded constantly that television is neither church nor church service. It is, in a sense, advertising and showmanship."

While the basic religious problems are the same as the basic dramatic themes of show business, Mr. Mickelson said, he was "persuaded that on television these basically religious themes are treated best by serious dramatists—who write and produce for such programs as *Studio One, Climax* and *Playhouse 90.*"

Mr. Mickelson was one of several speakers at the first national work-shop-consultation for chairmen of conference television, radio, and film commissions.

"Retail outlets" for religious TV and radio programs was the suggestion of S. Franklin Mack of the National Council of Churches' Broadcasting and Film Commission.

"My observation is," he said, "that commercially sponsored radio and television would die overnight if it were not for the co-operation of the retail stores across the nation. No matter how fine religious programs may be, they will never produce maximum results alone and unaided.

"They need 'retail outlets'—people locally who will call attention to them, foster discussion of them."

Bishop Donald H. Tippett, chairman of the church's Television, Radio, and Film Commission, said that the church's attitude toward the use of mass media has changed from "veiled hostility to polite indifference." But, the bishop said, mass media are so effective and versatile that the church is duty bound to enter the field if it is to make "the world its parish."

OBSCENE MAGAZINES

Act to Rid Newsstands

The controversy over obscene magazines and movies has made news in four states.

In Massachusetts, Gov. Christian Herter signed into law a bill outlawing the sale or distribution of indecent comic books and other publications.

Though the bill had been revised at his request, the governor said he still had "no great love" for it.

"I would not have signed it if the industry had taken proper steps to police itself," he said. "But the industry's efforts to keep its house in order so far have been 'spotty' and you can still buy an awful lot of filth without much trouble."

The governor had pointed out that control of literature was "one of the most difficult things legally to enforce."

In Georgia, the state literature commission declared five magazines obscene and requested solicitors in three judicial circuits to prosecute the distributors.

It was the first time since the state body was set up three and a half years ago that it had recommended prosecution. The Rev. James Wesberry, pastor of Morningside Baptist Church in Atlanta, heads the three-man commission.

The Person County Ministerial Association in North Carolina has called for local and state legislation to "suppress" publications of a "lewd and obscene" nature which it said are appearing in increasing numbers on newsstands.

In contrast, the Will County Ministers' Association in Illinois has criticized too rigid censorship of motion pictures and comic books.

The clergymen said they deplored the trend film censorship has taken in their area (around Joliet). "A particular religious group," the ministers said, is limiting motion pictures for public showing.

They suggested that Joliet set up voluntary control of comic books rather than establish a censorship board. The city council is now drafting an ordinance regulating newsstand sales.

This abandoned streetcar waiting room was converted to a popular backyard chapel by the George Abdelnour family. Abdelnour, an Azusa, Calif., businessman, bought the shack at auction for $15, spent $65 more moving it. His daughters, Helen and Mary, designed windows and installed the pews. His son, Austin, made the Cross.

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COMMITMENT DAY

Live Without Liquor!

Be a teetotaler.

That's the challenge which will be handed Methodists December 2, a day set by the Board of Temperance as "Commitment to Abstinence."

Abstinence means teetotaling.

Commitment Day, begun in 1947, summons church members to creative action for a sober home and social life.

This year, the day will climax the Methodist Youth Fellowship Fall Action project, "Drinking and Christian Living." Surveys reveal two thirds of today's alcoholics began drinking while they were high-school age.

(See *The Good Shepherd of Lovers Lane,* page 47 of this issue.)

MAINE FISHERMEN

Lobsters for the Lord

Fishermen at Wyman, on the Maine coast, are catching lobsters for The Methodist Church.

"The Lord's Lobster Trap," an offshoot of the more familiar Lord's Acre program, has been revived at Wyman after a three-season lapse. The program, designed to make money for the church, originated in the tiny fishing community four years ago. It was discontinued after one season because of misunderstanding about the use of the proceeds.

Now some 20 fishermen, none official members of the church, have charge of Wyman Methodists' 19 traps. The church is furnishing most of the traps, but a few of the fishermen are using their own. Whatever income is realized from the catch is turned over to the church.

The congregation's program chairman, Ben Beal, a professional lobsterman, made the wooden portion of the traps with some help from the Wyman pastor, the Rev. Royce N. Coan. Mrs. Flora Dorr, the church treasurer, knitted the nets and furnished the bait bags.

Mr. Beal and Mr. Coan visited the fishermen at work. They found a man who was still fishing one of the church's traps that had been established three years before. Each year since, he has turned in from $15 to $30 to the church.

The Lord's Acre plan, the program that gave rise to the Lord's Lobster Trap, is used throughout the country.

At the Methodist Church in Callahan, Fla., the first Lord's Acre booth was exhibited at the Northeast Florida Fair and Livestock Show.

Church people dedicate portions of

their crops and livestock and when these are sold the proceeds go to the church.

Part of the proceeds from Callahan's Lord's Acre is going for local church improvements. Another part is earmarked for the church's adopted missionaries in Alaska, the Rev. and Mrs. Nelson Moyer.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

A Stormy Beginning

A rainy day incident at a haystack led to the first U.S. foreign missions agency.

At Williams College, five students got caught in a storm and jumped into a haystack.

Waiting for the sun, they talked and dedicated their lives to spreading Christianity to foreign lands.

That storm—150 years ago on the Williamstown, Mass., campus—led to the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

This fall Williams College held a convocation commemorating the sesquicentennial of the historic Haystack prayer meeting.

Part of the observance was the awarding of honorary degrees to Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and two missionary-clergymen.

Also honored were 142 alumni who, as ministers or missionaries, are "seeking in a new generation the goals of the inspired group of 1806."

MINNESOTA

Draft Teen-Age Code

Minnesota is experimenting with a social conduct code for teen-agers.

If used widely, it could help solve many of the problems facing youth and parents. That's the hope of Gov. Orville Freeman, whose advisory council on the younger generation drafted the code as a social yardstick.

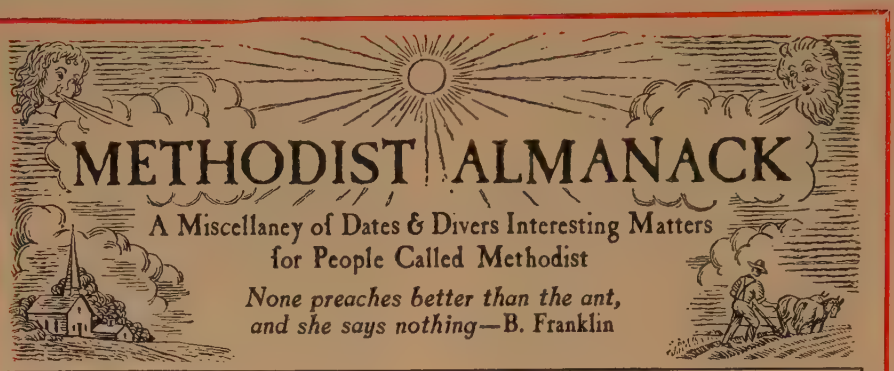
Divided into junior high school and senior high sections, the code covers dating, hours, parties, drinking, smoking, and driving. Copies have been mailed to 3,700 school officials, PTA and youth groups.

It suggests hours youngsters ought to get home, lists standards for home entertaining, and recommends appropriate dress.

The code—intended to be something more than a boresome cataloging of dos and don'ts—aims at giving parents prompt response to the teen-ager's "everybody does it" statement.

It also aims at protecting children from unreasonable standards.

The council encourages double dat-



NOVEMBER hath XXX days — 11th Month

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill
The morning's snow is gone by night.—H. H. Jackson

15	Th	America adopts first Constitution, 1777
16	Fr	Oklahoma 49 years old today
17	Sa	Suez Canal opens to traffic, 1869
18	S	Standard time begins in U. S., 1883
19	M	Lincoln gives Gettysburg Address, 1863
20	Tu	*Observe all men; thyself most*
21	W	Edison invents phonograph, 1877
22	Th	Thanksgiving Day
23	Fr	Read Ephesians 5:15-21
24	Sa	*Do good to thy friend to keep him*
25	S	*To thy enemy to gain him*
26	M	U. S. C. wallops Notre Dame, 1955
27	Tu	*A good example is the best sermon*
28	W	U. S. makes treaty with Cherokees, 1785
29	Th	Byrd drops U. S. flag over South Pole, 1929
30	Fr	W. Churchill is 82 today

■ Thanks to Mrs. Sara Hale, America is richer by one nursery rhyme and one holiday. This spirited editor of *Godey's Lady's Book* wrote part of "Mary had a little lamb" and for 30 years pushed the idea of a national Thanksgiving (see page 39). In 1863 Lincoln declared an official Thanksgiving Day.

■ Score 42 to 28. An excited Univ. of S. California professor leaving the stands, commented, "Wonderful! Greatest event since the Reformation!"

DECEMBER hath XXXI days — 12th Month

In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.—Pope

1	Sa	*There are no gains without pains*
2	S	Commitment Sunday; First Sunday in Advent
3	M	Illinois 138 years old today
4	Tu	Cokesbury College burns, 1795
5	W	College fraternities start, 1776
6	Th	Washington Monument completed, 1884
7	Fr	*He that's content hath enough*
8	Sa	*He that complains hath too much*
9	S	Universal Bible Sunday
10	M	Women given vote in Wyoming, 1869
11	Tu	Asbury preaches in Jamestown, Va., 1782
12	W	Marconi radios over Atlantic, 1901
13	Th	*Tongues double bring trouble*
14	Fr	Amundsen reaches South Pole, 1911
15	S	States ratify Bill of Rights, 1791

■ This world's first Methodist college, named for Coke and Asbury, first American bishops, started at Abingdon, Md., in 1787. After fire Asbury said, "Would any man give me 10,000 pounds a year to do and suffer what I had done for that school, I would not do it!" The college was reopened in Baltimore, but died with second fire in 1796. Asbury decided God was keeping Baltimorians "poor in order to keep them pure." Historical marker stands at Abingdon.

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ing, use of the home for dates, and compliance with state license and driving laws. It notes that no one has a moral or legal right to serve alcoholic beverages to other persons' children, and that under state law tobacco cannot be sold to persons under 18 years old.

Judge Theodore B. Knudson, council chairman, says the code is a model from which communities may formulate codes to suit their own particular needs.

POLITICIANS

Put Religion to Work

Biggest news story in religion today is that prayer is at work in political and business circles.

Luther W. Youngdahl, of Washington, D. C., United States district judge and former governor of Minnesota, says that "hard-headed businessmen" and "political politicians" are making religion work in their daily lives. They have come to see that "the real world crisis has a lot to do with human relations, and when you get to human relations, you are on the threshold of religion."

Judge Youngdahl, a Lutheran, said also that laymen's movements are "mushrooming all over the country."

DIVORCE, BIRTH CONTROL

Lutherans Relax Views

The nation's largest Lutheran body has relaxed its stand on remarriage of divorced persons and birth control, two highly controversial topics.

The position of remarriage taken by the United Lutheran Church in America is similar to the present Methodist stand. Both churches approve planned parenthood.

The Lutheran body expressed its stand in a statement on family life at its recent biennial convention in Harrisburg, Pa. The new position places no restrictions on grounds for divorce and allows the remarriage of divorced persons "on the basis of genuine sorrow and repentance and a chastened attitude toward the new marriage."

The delegates at Harrisburg approved a record 15-million-dollar budget for 1958, the 40th anniversary year, and took action toward centralizing home mission activities.

The convention re-elected the Rev. Franklin Clark Fry, 56, president. Dr. Fry, UCLA head since 1944, is only the second man to hold the same top church office.

The Lutherans also previewed the first religious film cartoon for children ever produced in full color.

CHAPLAINS

Revise Youth Program

Chaplains are going to pay more attention to young adults.

The reason: There are fewer single teen-agers in the armed forces than before, while married couples with young children are on the increase according to recent analysis.

Many chaplains feel that a young man going from high school to the armed forces matures rapidly and should be considered on induction or enlistment as a "young adult."

Taking the advice of the three chiefs of chaplains of the armed forces, the General Commission on Chaplains has

agreed that it is pitching its program at too low an age bracket.

To do the job right, the commission (which serves 37 Protestant denominations) will be split into two departments. One will be "Chaplaincy Services" and the other "Ministry to Personnel in the Armed Services." Heading the former will be Methodist Marion J. Creeger, present executive secretary of the commission. A director will be named for the personnel department.

There are more than 600 Methodist chaplains ministering to about 600,000 persons of all faiths in the U. S. armed forces. A report of the Methodist Commission on Chaplains, last October, urged local churches to train their youths so they "will be led to seek out the chaplain after they are inducted."

IN WHEAT COUNTRY

Train Church Leaders

A towering picture of Christ painted by Warner Sallman was the focal point of the recent Dakotas Area leadership conference.

From it, 2,200 churchmen from the two-state region took their cue: "Christ for the Dakotas."

The three-day meeting at Jamestown, N. D., under the leadership of Bishop Edwin E. Voigt, drew 1,000 delegates, more than 1,200 visitors. The purpose was to evaluate and strengthen programs and organization in their home churches.

They studied, heard speeches, and watched two religious dramas.

In corner rooms, however, they found the heart of the conference—15 specialized clinics which got down to brass tacks on everything from remodeling to youth work.

Speakers included Bishop William C. Martin of Dallas, Evangelist E. Stanley Jones, and the Rev. Eugene L. Smith of the Methodist Board of Missions.

Dr. Alex Burr, researcher, discussed "Resources of the Dakotas."

While delegates listened and learned, home churches across the area maintained a 41-hour prayer vigil.

OHIO WOMEN

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More than 500 Ohio women recently took a cruise around the world for just $2.

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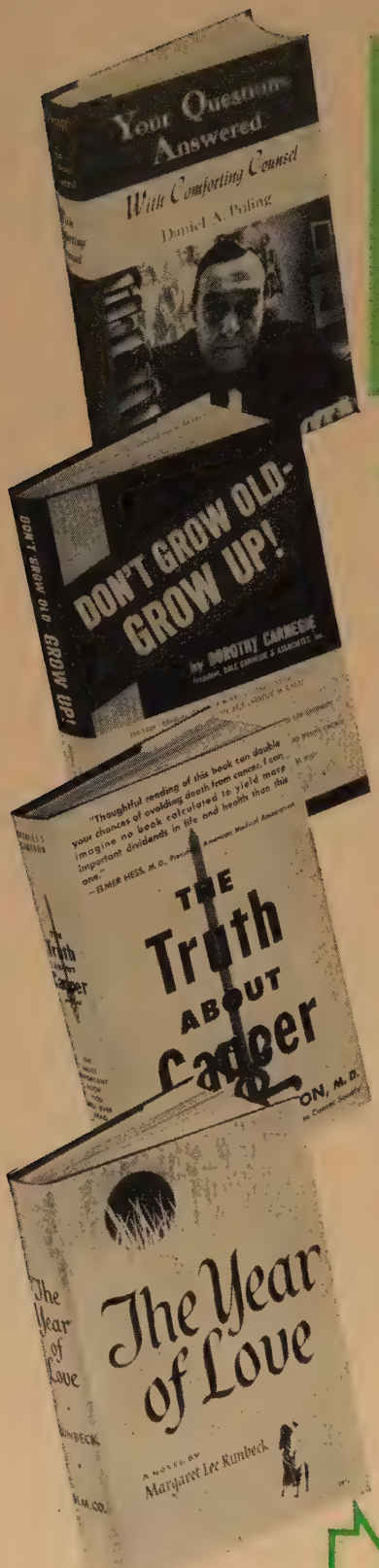

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and—in their imaginations—left the Western world behind.

They spent the morning in Burma. Mrs. C. E. Wintringham, wife of the vice-president of Ohio Northern University, gave authoritative accounts of Rangoon, where her daughter is a short-term missionary.

An afternoon tour of Sarawak was conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wiant, who recently served in Borneo as lay missionaries.

The women held a traditional session of King Neptune's court as they crossed the equator.

BOARD SEEKS

'Miss Methodist Nurse'

A search is on for the "queen" of Methodist nurses.

"Miss Methodist Student Nurse" will be an outstanding young lady in a Methodist hospital school of nursing. She will be representative of young persons who follow Christian vocations in church-related institutions.

The contest has been launched by the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes in co-operation with the Board of Hospitals and Homes.

The winner will be awarded a trip to Chicago, where she will be guest of the National Association at the annual convention, Feb. 26-28.

CHURCH UNION

Merger Movement Grows

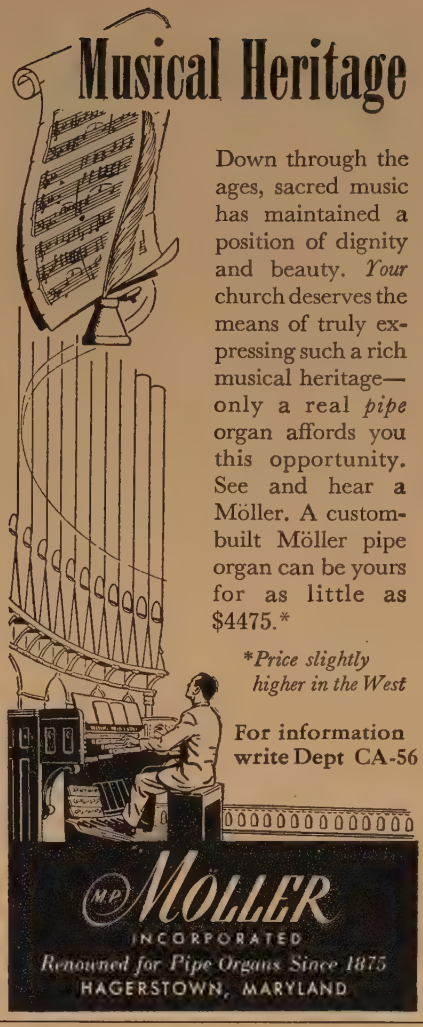
Progress continues with the church union movement which was stepped up by Methodist unification in 1939.

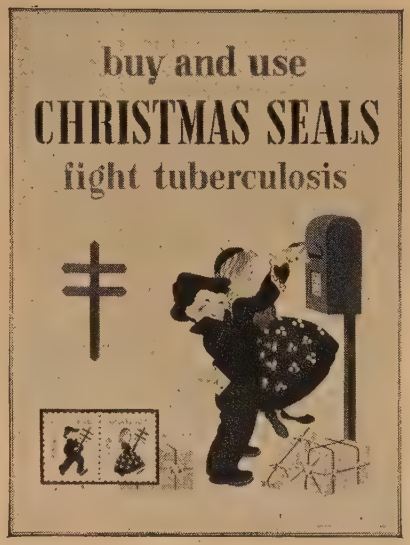
Among American Protestant bodies now discussing mergers are the Evangelical and Reformed Church, the Congregational Christian Churches, the Disciples of Christ, the Lutheran churches, and two Presbyterian churches.

At present the 2,000,000-member Disciples of Christ denomination, also called the Christian Church, is investigating the possibility of merging with the United Church, a 2,000,000-member body scheduled to be formed this June from the merger of the Congregational Churches and the E. & R. Church.

Not only are details now being worked out for the union of three major Lutheran bodies in 1960, but a move is under way to unite all Lutheran denominations. The churches planning to merge are American Lutheran, Evangelical Lutheran, and United Evangelical Lutheran churches.

The move to unite all Lutheran bodies has been joined by two other denominations, the United Lutheran





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Church in America and the Augustana Lutheran. The churches have invited 14 other Lutheran groups to participate in merger talks.

The joining of America's two largest Presbyterian bodies has been approved by general assemblies of both denominations and will be debated by the bodies' presbyteries early next year. The proposed union will bring together the 2,750,000-member Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. and the 245,000-member United Presbyterian Church of North America.

In Canada, too, the ecumenical movement is growing. Reunion talks continue for the United and Anglican Churches which will form the Church of Canada if merged. Each church has voted to explore the possibilities of union with other denominations, as well.

INDIANA METHODISTS

Look Back on 125 Years

Eighteen laymen and one bishop gathered in Wesley Chapel, New Albany, Ind., on Oct. 17, 1832, to hold a first annual session.

On that day, Indiana Conference struck out on its own, taking from Illinois Conference the entire state of Indiana and a little of Michigan. Forty-one men were appointed to circuits to serve the 19,853 Methodists.

At a special anniversary session last month, Indiana Methodists turned back the pages for another look at what happened 125 years ago.

A pageant, written by the Rev. Leroy Hodapp, lifted up several reports and incidents of the first Indiana Annual Conference.

The pageant also re-enacted situations caused by the laws of the church in 1832.

At that time, ministers needed permission to marry from their district superintendent. And the superintendent had to approve the bride-to-be!

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For the first time since fighting ended in the Pacific 11 years ago, Australian Methodists will inspect their church mission stations.

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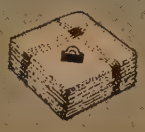

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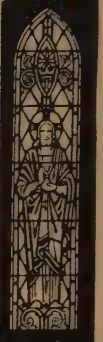
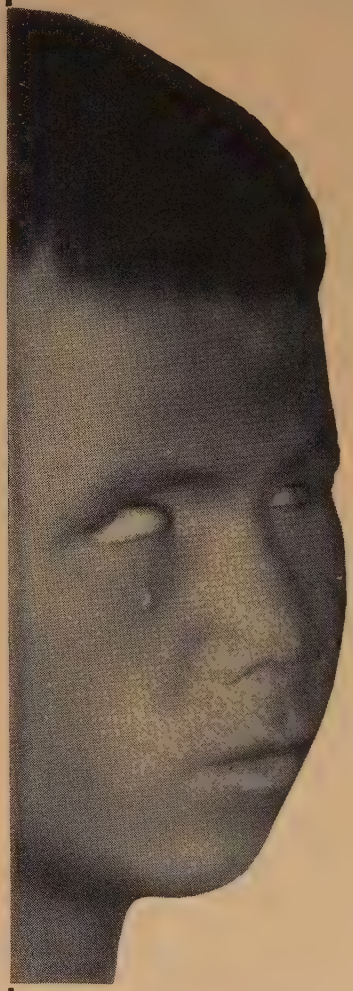


Who will stop his tears?



ON a dirty city street, BLIND, ALONE and HELPLESS, clad only in ragged shirt and his torn little trousers, a hungry boy with nobody's love might be expected to have tears. If you could see him it would make your heart ache to dry his wet face, comfort him and calm his fears of tomorrow.

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News Digest . . .

• Two Protestant leaders sentenced to life imprisonment by a Bulgarian Communist court in March, 1949, have been pardoned and freed, according to a report from Sofia. But no mention was made of two other men—one of them a Methodist—imprisoned at the same time. The Rev. Yonko Ivanov, 55, was superintendent of The Methodist Church in Bulgaria at the time of his arrest. Also in jail is the Rev. Georgi Chernev, Pentecostal. Those freed are the Rev. Vasil Zianpkov, Congregational, and the Rev. Nikola Mihailov, Baptist.

• The 10,000-member First Bapist Church in Dallas, Tex., has adopted a 1957 budget of $705,000, and more than half of it—$345,000—will go to mission work.

• The president of the Connecticut Manufacturers Association has called upon members to make Bibles available in the reception and recreation rooms of factories throughout the state. Albert S. Redway said he hoped the action "may be a positive step to introduce a great book to a new group of people."

• Bishop Frederick B. Newell, New York Area, told delegates to a Brotherhood Conference that he will make future appointments of ministers and district superintendents "without regard to their color." He pointed out that congregations "must expect to be served by ministers on the same basis."

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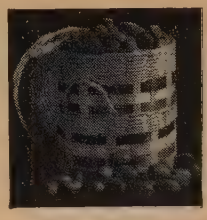

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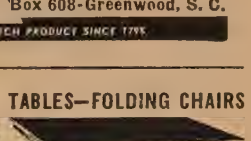

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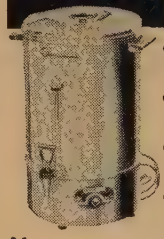

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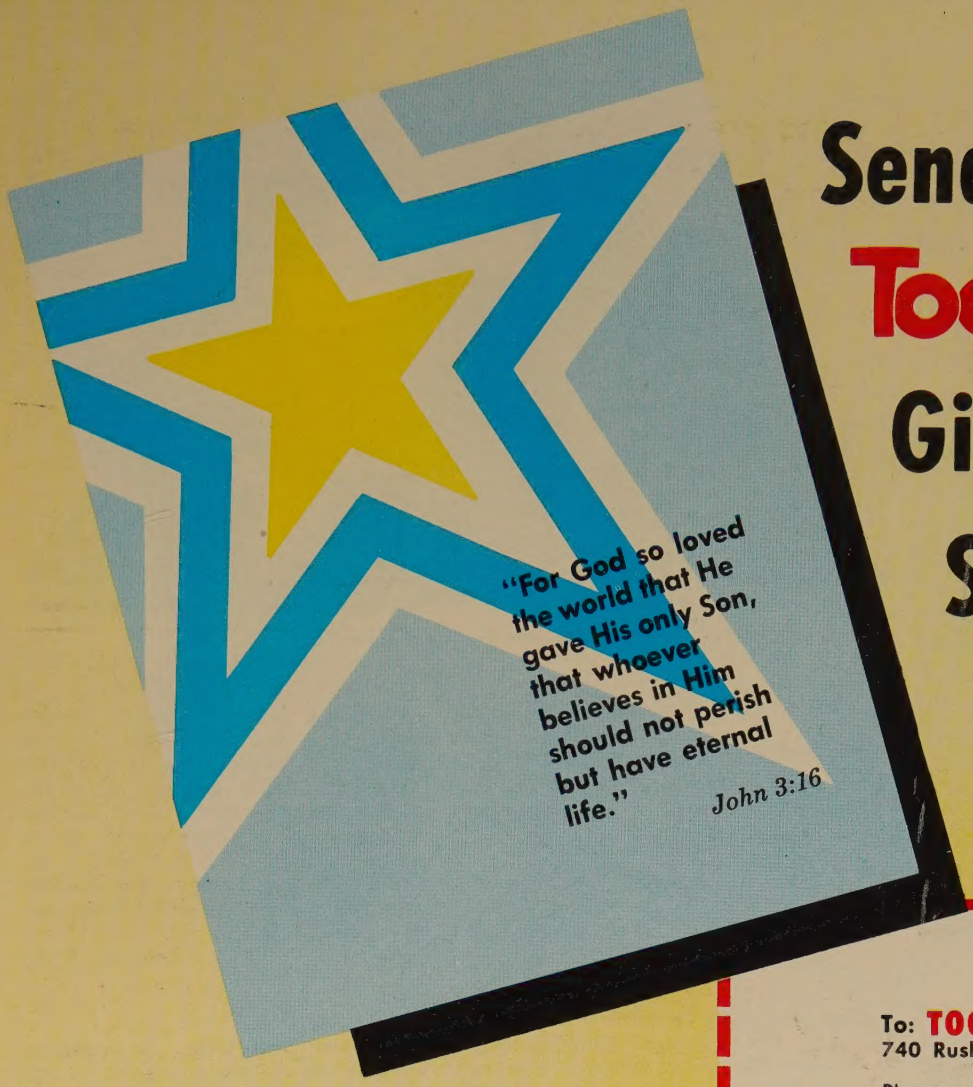

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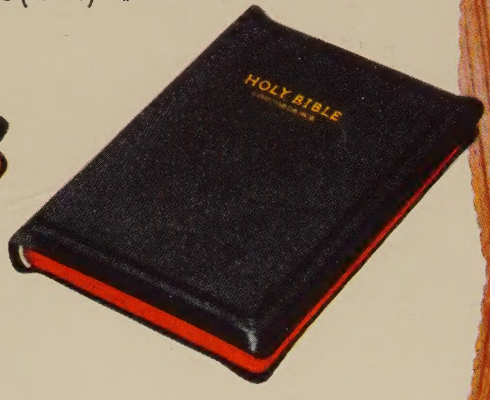

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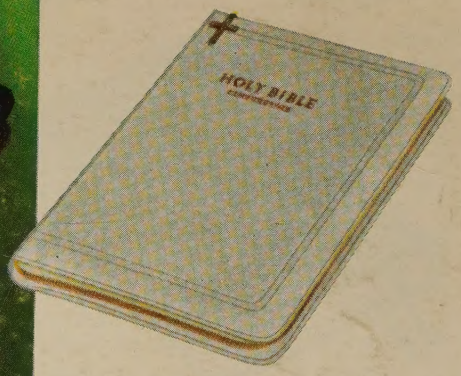

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